

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

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5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. MANNS has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place this Day (SATURDAY).

The Programme, framed on the usual model of the Saturday Concerts, includes The Unfinished Symphony in B minor (Schubert); Airs de Ballet in "Faust" (Gounod); Selection Ballet Music, "Wedding of Camacho"—first time—(Mendelssohn); Rondo, E flat, pianoforte and orchestra (Mendelssohn); Overtures, "Leonore," No. 3 (Beethoven); and "Manfred" (Schumann).

Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Senchil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Foll, Herren Luttman, Koster, Ellberg, and Ryberg (the Swedish quartet), and other artists. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé.

Conductor.....Mr. MANNS.

The Concert will take place in the Concert Room, commencing at 3.0. Band increased to 100 performers.

Admission half-a-crown; season ticket-holders free. Stalls, half-a-crown, at Palace, and No. 2, Exeter Hall. Half-crown admission tickets and April guinea season tickets at Palace.

On this Saturday only, a select collection of Water-colour Sketches, by the late David Roberts, R.A., exhibited in the Centre Transept by kind permission of Henry Hicknell, Esq. Also a handsome Silver Gilt Dessert Service, manufactured for the Maharajah of Johore, by Messrs. Colles & Co., of Sheffield Court, Crystal Palace, Birmingham, and London.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—The EARL OF DUDLEY.

The NEXT STUDENT'S CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, commencing at Eight o'clock.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Principal.

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MR. J. P. GOLDBERG has arrived in Town for the Season. All applications for Lessons, Engagements, etc., to be addressed to his residence, 5, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street.

MDLLE. ERNA STEINHAGEN has the honour to announce that she will give an EVENING CONCERT on MONDAY, April 26th, at the Beethoven Rooms. Vocalists—Mesdames Spiller, Hall, Steinhagen; Messrs. Byron, Maybrick, Stepan. Pianists—Miss Amy Coyne, Mdlle. Millnowska. Conductor—Signor Randegger. Tickets may be obtained at Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1, Berners Street, and Lamborn Cock and Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MDLLE. ROSAMUNDA DORIA will sing BENEDICT's new song, "WHY ART THOU SADDENED?" at Miss Helen Hogarth's (Mrs. Roney) Matinee, Queen's Concert Rooms, May 5th.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone) will sing in the "Creation," at the Horns, Kennington, Thursday; and at the last concert of the Saturday Orchestral Union, Store Street, Bedford Square, May 8th. All letters respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. MARIE D'ETIENNE (Pupil of Signor Sehra) has the honour to announce that her FIRST CONCERT will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, on FRIDAY EVENING, April 30th. Artists—Mdlle. Marie D'Etienne, Miss Pembroke, and Mdlle. Drasdil; Mr. Henry Gordon and Signor Bellini. Pianoforte—Madame Rous; Harp—Mr. Frederick Chatterton (harpist to her late R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Courts of France and Belgium). Conductor—Mr. Shedlock. Tickets at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA, and MADAME MARELLI GARCIA will return to Town for the Season on the 15th of May. For Lessons or Concerts address—Care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE begs to announce that his FOURTH ANNUAL CONCERT,

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,

On THURSDAY EVENING, April 29,

TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—

Vocalists:

MADAME BODDA-PYNE (Miss Louisa Pyne), Miss EDITH WYNNE, Miss FANNY HOLLAND, MADAME SAUERBREY, MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS, Miss ABBOTT, Mdlle. DRASDIL, and Mdlle. LIEBHART.

HERR REICHARDT, MR. FRANK ELMORE, SIGNOR CIABATTA, MR. CHAPLIN HENRY, and MR. LEWIS THOMAS.

Instrumentalists:

VIOLIN—HERR LUDWIG (Pupil of Herr Joachim).

PIANOFORTE—SIGNOR TITO MATTEI, HERR CARL HAUSE,

and Miss MADELINE SCHILLER.

HARP—MR. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harapist to Her Majesty the Queen),

and Mr. J. CHESHIRE.

Conductors:

Messrs. LINDSAY SLOPER, GANZ, M. WATSON, and BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls (numbered), 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony 3s.; Area and Orchestra, 2s.; Admission 1s. Tickets may be had of Mr. FRANK ELMORE, at his residence, 1, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W.

HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG has arrived in London for the Season, and purposes giving Lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing. Address: 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MDLLE. JULIE LESCA (the new Soprano) will sing at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, April 27th; St. George's Hall, May 4th. Letters respecting Engagements for Concerts, etc., to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE will sing her new song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Store Street Rooms, 28th; Hanover Square Rooms, 28th; Myddelton Hall, May 7th; Hackney, 11th.

MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she is now free to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Lessons, etc.—22, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ABBOTT will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Turnham Green, on the 30th April.

MISS ABBOTT will sing SMART's duet, "THE LAND OF DREAMS," with Miss Heck, at Turnham Green on the 30th April.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MRS. HALE (of the London Ballad Concerts), Pupil of Signor Costa and Professor BENNETT, will sing at the Town Hall, Birmingham, Thursday, April 22nd; and is open to Engagements as Vocalist or Pianist at Concerts, &c., during the ensuing Season. Address: 6, Manor View, Brixton Road, S.

THE NEW NICARAGUAN VALSE, arranged on Central American Aboriginal Airs collected by Capt. Bedford Pim, R.N., and dedicated to Mrs. Pim, will be played with Full Band at the GRAND BALL to be given in honour of Lord George Hamilton, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, on the 27th inst.; the composer, Herr SCHUBERT (Director of the Schubert Society), has been prevailed upon to conduct his composition. Published at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce to her Friends, Pupils, and the Public, that her **SECOND and THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITALS** will take place on **WEDNESDAY MORNING, May 19th, and WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 9th**, to commence at Three o'clock precisely; on which occasions she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Vocalists: **Mdlle. Clara Doria**, **Miss Jenny Pratt**, and **Miss Edith Wynne**; **Mr. Stanley Betjemann**, **Mr. W. H. Tilla**, and **Mr. Vernon Rigby**. Instrumentalists: **Violin**, **Mr. Henry Blagrove**; **Violoncello**, **Mr. W. H. Aylward**; **Clarinet**, **Mr. Lazarus**; and **Pianoforte**, **Miss Clinton Fynes**. Conductor—**Mr. G. H. Robinson**.

Single Ticket, 3s.; Reserved and Numbered, 6s.; Family Ticket (to admit Four), One Guinea. To be had at **Austin's Ticket Office**, **St. James's Hall**; and of **Miss Clinton Fynes**, **27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square**.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTET PARTY.—

VIOLIN—**HERR JOSEF LUDWIG** (Pupil of **Joachim**), and **HERR YUNG** (Pupil of **Ferdinand David**); **VIOLA**—**MR. COOPER**; **VIOLONCELLO**—**HERR SCHUBERTH**. Can be Engaged for Concerts, Soirées, etc., on application to the Secretary of the Schubert Society, **27, Harley Street**; or care of Messrs. **D. Davison & Co.**, **244, Regent Street**.

MISS THEED respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry that she continues to give instruction in Singing and the Pianoforte, at her own residence, or at the houses of pupils.—**5, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.**

MISS MABEL BRENT will sing the popular Ballad, "A DAY TOO LATE" (composed by **Mdlle. Rose Hencke**), **April 26th**, **Burdett Hall, Poplar**.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing **WELLINGTON GUENESSEY's** new and popular Ballad, "THE SPRING," at **Miss Clinton Fynes' Third Pianoforte Recital**.

MR. ARTHUR KENTCHEN (Baritone) is now at liberty to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Ballad Concerts, etc. Communications to be addressed to the care of Messrs. **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, **244, Regent Street, W.**

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for full or small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. **DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.**, Music Publishers, **244, Regent Street**; or at **Mr. A. Ganz's residence**, **37, Golden Square**.

"OF THEE I THINK."

HERR REICHARDT will introduce a new song of his own composition, entitled "OF THEE I THINK" ("Ich denke dein"), at **Mrs. Roney's Concert**, **Hanover Square Rooms**, **Wednesday Morning, May 6th**.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the Season, **MAY 25th, 1869**. Address, care of Messrs. **DAVISON & Co.**, **244, Regent Street, London**.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing, **ASCHER's** popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," on **Tuesday Evening Next**, at the **Beethoven Rooms**.

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PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

A REMINISCENCE OF SPONTINI.*

(Continued from page 239.)

I now could not be doomed to disappointment. I had partaken of the same dish as he; we had both emptied our glasses simultaneously to the memory of Mozart. . . . He must produce my opera! *Rosaura* was the name of the virgin work, words and music by myself. It contained an overture and six numbers. With the score, magnificently bound, under my arm, I called at Spontini's residence and sent up my name. I was received very kindly, but, without any discussion being raised concerning the Opus, was referred to Count Brühl, as the General Music-Director was not empowered to accept any works of a dramatic nature. Even my request that he would cast his eye through the production was not gratified, and so I went away without effecting anything. Thanks to Herr Bloch, then agent for the Court and afterwards *Seehandlungs-Präsident*, I had been recommended a twelvemonth before to Count Brühl, and placed among the exceedingly limited number of persons on the free list who were admitted even when the usual formula in the bills, "The free list suspended," was strengthened by the addition, "without exception." My kind patron again gave me a very pressing letter of recommendation to the Intendant, and with the magnificently bound score under my arm I called on that gentleman. I was very kindly received, and delighted by the Count's good-natured assurance that he would interest himself actively for the Operetta, immediately the Board of General Musical Direction declared it adapted for representation. But what had I, a mere youth, to hear during my visit! The Count made no secret of his being upon the very worst terms with Spontini; he complained in the harshest words of the latter's exclusive power (*Seiçiet*: the whole and sole direction of musical matters); declared that, in consequence, not only the power of the Intendancy, but, owing to the petty jealousy of the Gallicised Italian, the progress of German music was retarded, ending with the remark: he hoped that Spontini's consolatory phrase, "*L'un après l'autre*," with which he was accustomed to postpone indefinitely the examination of all manuscripts submitted to him for approval, would, through his (the Count's) efforts, in my case turn out in favour of "*l'autre*" (that is, in preference to "*L'un*"). Of course, I was *ni l'un ni l'autre*, and no doubt with perfect justice. Count Brühl, however, certainly spoke to Spontini about me, for it was not long (8th August, 1826) before I received a letter signed, "*Votre très humble serviteur, Spontini*," and containing the composer's written opinion of my work. Contrary to his usual custom, moreover, he dropped the official tone and informed me privately: "I should have great pleasure in taking every opportunity of being agreeable and useful to you, but, with regard to your *Rosaura*, the work, if for no other reason, cannot, on account of the *excessive faiblesse quant au poème*, be accepted for production at the Royal Operahouse; while, as regards the music, with the exception of two or three small numbers, that are passable, *tout le reste sent l'école, l'inexpérience, et le peu de réflexion*. Such is my opinion, but it is only a fifth in the scale; I await the decision of the four other members of the Musical Board,† and I will, at a later period, let you know what it is."

This was my second point of contact with Spontini; the third was somewhat more satisfactory. On the 28th April, 1827, the general rehearsal of Mendelssohn's *Hochzeit des Camacho* took place. I had previously rehearsed on the piano with Madame Seidler the part for which she had been cast, and then accompanied her to the theatre. When, however, we reached the door in the Charlottenstrasse, the hall-porter refused me admission. Neither the entreaties of the *prima donna*, nor those of Herr Schneider, the conductor, who came up at the same time as ourselves, could shake the stern sense of duty characterizing this two-legged Cerberus; for, he said, a special order had been issued by the Intendant, to the effect that no stranger was to be present at this particular rehearsal. While we were still debating the point, Spontini arrived. "What do you do 'ere?" he asked. I told him what it was. "Let se gentlemen ins," he said to the porter; the latter, however, hesitated, in consequence of the special orders he had received for that day. "Know you who am I?" asked Spontini. "I should rather think I do, sir. You're the Director-General o' Music; but the Gov'nor has ordered—" Spontini's patience was exhausted; he seized me—literally seized me—by the back of my collar, and hurled me with a furious "*Passes, Monsieur, passes*," through the half-open door up the stairs (*Seiçiet*: he had undivided management of musical affairs).

Some time previous, before I had the honour of making Spontini's personal acquaintance, I became on intimate terms with A. B. Marx. The latter then preached to the Berliners, in the musical paper,

founded by him and published by Schlesinger, the gospel according to Spontini. It was full time that a clever, well-educated, and able writer should follow in the footsteps of Herr Hoffmann, the *Kammer gerichstrath*, who had died as far back as 1822, for the classic periwig set at the head of our fashionable and exclusive world of art wanted, even in *Olympia*, nothing but a wild conglomeration of brass instruments, scenic pomp, Terpsichorean hopping and skipping about, magnificent costumes, clashing weapons, and elephants' legs. It is true that the great mass of the public flocked in crowds to the theatre, but the critics held themselves sulkily aloof. Spontini's champion, Dr. Kuhn, editor of *Der Fremdthige*, was too lightly esteemed, personally, to have any influence, and as Hoffmann, who had been left isolated in his views on art, had departed this life, Marx undertook the office of standard-bearer to Spontini, and every week explained to the public, in an almost overpowering manner, the grandeur of Spontini's creations. Herr Nicolai,* *Divisions-auditeur*, who also is now dead, an intimate friend of the Director-General of Music, backed up vigorously the writer of the musical paper; and gradually there arose more and more partisans—not influenced merely by outward magnificence—of the works produced after *Die Vestalin* and *Cortez* by the composer of those operas. Spontini was not insensible to the restless and successful efforts made in his favour by the critic, who thus madly advocated his cause, and, on the 7th May, 1825, *Jeri und Bateli*, a musical piece in one act, by Goethe and A. B. Marx, was produced at the Royal Operahouse. It was performed twice, and then consigned to oblivion.

(To be continued.)

PIPES v. PULPIT.

A very pretty quarrel has just been settled in Rugby County Court. Here is the case as "opened" by the plaintiff's counsel:—

"Plaintiff (Mr. H. C. Truelove) was organist of Newbold-upon-Avon church. Mr. G. H. Walker, a gentleman residing in the parish, wished another organist, and asked plaintiff for the key of the organ, which he refused. Another key was obtained, and on the plaintiff going to the organ afterwards he found two of the pedals broken, and subsequently four others, on which he informed Mr. Leigh (the clergyman). On the 31st December, plaintiff received dismissal as organist, and now sought to recover 6s. 6d. balance of salary, and half a year's salary in lieu of notice. Counsel proceeded to state that there must one of three things occur to justify a summary dismissal, viz., moral misconduct, wilful disobedience, or habitual neglect, neither of which his client had been guilty of."

The above facts were duly sworn to by Mr. Truelove, and supported by other witnesses. The defence is to be found in the parson's evidence:—

"There was no question as to plaintiff's efficiency. After September, 1867, plaintiff did not take the same interest in the church services as before, and did not sing. Mr. G. H. Walker subscribed to the organist's salary and the organ. He sent for the plaintiff on Sunday the 29th November, and tried to persuade him to give up the key, as Mr. Walker wished. Told plaintiff if he would allow him to have the key there should be an end of the matter. Plaintiff said it was to let Mr. Foster (the schoolmaster) get to the organ, and that he should be ousted. Told him then that if he would let him have it no one else should have it without his (defendant's) special leave. Had no other key. Plaintiff seemed almost as though he would give up the key, and defendant hoped to receive it next morning. Instead of that he received a letter stating that plaintiff had taken legal advice. On the 26th December, found the organ had been opened, and played so badly that the congregation were thrown into confusion and there was quite a titter in the church. To the best of his recollection plaintiff changed the tune of one of the hymns in the middle. On Sunday, 13th December, there was more bad playing. Believed it was the 6th of December when he received the first note from plaintiff about the pedals, and the second on the 20th. Had seen the organ since, and none of the pedals were broken, but the organ was as good as new. Saw a handful of rubbish got out from under the pedals, after which they worked freely. Could not tell who put the dirt there. After he received the second note he called a meeting of the subscribers, and on their resolution wrote a letter to plaintiff dismissing him, and enclosed his salary to that time and one month in addition. Afterwards received a letter asking for half a year's notice, or salary in lieu thereof, and subsequently one threatening proceedings."

Several witnesses, including the schoolmaster, clerk, and some of the choir, gave various accounts as to the dirt under the pedals and the bad playing, after which the Judge summed up, and the jury gave a verdict for plaintiff, with three months' salary in lieu of notice. The parishioners in court were noisily unanimous in favour of Pipes as against Pulpit.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† Schneider, Seidel, C. Blum, and v. Lichtenstein.

* Author of the romance, *Der Cantor von Fichtenhagen*, and of a *Book of Travels in Italy*.

RICHARD WAGNER'S MEISTERSINGER AT CARLSRUHE.

The tone of the South German press, as far as I have been able to follow it, has, up to now, been so overwhelmingly full of unconditional and blind admiration for *Die Meistersinger*, and the well-known and well-organized phalanx of the literary *Triarii* of the music of the Future has performed its duty so zealously on the occasion, that an unprejudiced observer may, perhaps, be allowed publicly to state his impressions also. The first performance recently given here of the work afforded me a welcome opportunity of seeing what the latter was like upon the stage, and of forming an independent judgment. That I have no motive for approaching with any unfavourable preconception a work by Wagner, is a fact of which it is hardly necessary for me to assure you. From the beginning, I was one of those who joyfully agreed with that clever man in his criticism on the existing state of musical and theatrical affairs. It is true that this similarity of opinion did not extend to my perceiving in his productions that of which our stage stands in need, but I greeted every fresh work of his with a feeling of eager curiosity to see whether he would succeed in offering us a specimen of what he defines as the "Art Work of the Future." This sentiment of anxious expectation was still more increased after my hearing, last summer, all sorts of statements from a musician who is an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner. "You must not think," said the accomplished young man in question, "that you understand Wagner because you know his *Tannhäuser*; that was long since surpassed by his *Lohengrin*. But *Lohengrin*, also, is nothing; you must have heard *Tristan und Isolde*. And how does this dwindle away before *Die Meistersinger*! In that Wagner has soared to a greater height than ever."

As, according to the above, it is an idiosyncrasy of this peculiar composer to supersede, as it were, and annihilate every work by the one that succeeds it, each new production of his may very well inspire a fatal apprehension that we are experiencing enthusiasm for something which, after a short time, will, like its predecessors, sink down to a mere "step in historical development." But what does this matter? Do not thousands share with me the weakness of feeling enthusiastic admiration for the modest, child-like essays of a Gluck, a Mozart, and a Beethoven, though those essays have been long since surpassed, and, properly speaking, "superseded" by Wagner's productions? Courage, then! If there is anything genuinely beautiful, purely human and noble in *Die Meistersinger*, why should it not, despite anything that may afterwards appear, profoundly move and affect us?

It was under the influence of such considerations that I went to the performance, the first I had witnessed. Everyone is aware how much importance Wagner attaches to the fact of his productions being represented as perfectly as possible. Composers who were so limited in their ideas as to write for the ear alone, and with whose strains the hearer is entranced, even when he closes his eyes, differ vastly from one who wants to work upon all the senses simultaneously, and with whom the pleasure experienced by the eye must frequently compensate for all sorts of torture endured by the ear. In order to avoid at the outset all misconception, I will here remark that the performance was in every particular admirable, as was not otherwise to be expected under the dramatic superintendence of a Devrient, and the enthusiastic care bestowed on it by a fiery conductor like Levi. The brilliant performance of Nachbaur (Walther von Stolzing), expressly summoned from Munich, was equalled by the efforts of the regular members of the company. Nay, even the lowest subordinate did everything to the very best of his ability, and performed his duty to the uttermost; everything went well, and the *ensemble* was most spirited; the scenic part of the performance, also, with the exception of the somewhat clumsy full moon in the second act, was invariably excellent. It was asserted by persons most competent to judge that, in many respects, the performance was actually superior to that at Munich. Thus all the preliminary conditions for doing complete justice to the work were fulfilled.

And now what was the result? The impression produced?—Active pens were not wanting to assert forthwith in the public papers, for instance, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that the impression was overwhelming; that the success was brilliant and universal. I can only say that the public were attentive but cold up to the third act; that this warmed them generally; and that, at the end of the second act, after the grand cudgelling bout, there were loud hisses from many parts of the house, while, on the other hand, the artists and the conductor personally were rewarded by applause. But enough on this head; I will speak merely of the impressions which I myself experienced.

In the first place, I cannot pass over in silence the book on which the whole is based. But far from giving an exhaustive analysis of it, I shall content myself with a few observations. The purport is already generally known. *Junker* • Walther enters and falls in love then and

there with Eva Pogner; finds his passion reciprocated quite as promptly and impetuously by the maiden, and determines to win, by his singing, at the Festival of St. John, her hand, which is promised to the best Master-Singer. At a trial in the church, he fails, because Beckmesser smells a rival, and because his singing sins against the rules of the school. The scene ends amid a general tumult. In the second act, late in the evening, the modest young girl is waiting in the street for the lover she has so quickly won. He does not keep her long waiting. On learning from him his failure, she at once resolves to run away with him. Meanwhile Beckmesser comes to give her a serenade. The apprentice, David, believing the serenade is meant for his beloved Lena, Eva's nurse, rushes out, armed with a cudgel, from the back ground, on Beckmesser. A general "pitch-in" ensues, but the virtuous maiden seems to be used to such street rows, for she stops calmly where she is, till Hanns Sachs, taking her by the arm "pushes her up" into her father's house. This act also finishes in the midst of the wildest hubbub. In the third act, Hanns Sachs takes pity on the poor *Junker*, gives him a hurried lesson in "*Meistersang*," and is quite overcome by the song which Walther then sings. He writes it down, and the two go off. Beckmesser arrives; finds the song; learns it, and receives it as a present from Hanns Sachs, who has now returned. Before they all go out to the Festival of St. John, young Walther has an opportunity of enchanting his beloved, in Sachs's workshop, with the new song. Then comes the final scene in the meadow where the Festival is held. Beckmesser attempts to pass the song off as his own, in order to gain the prize with it. But he can manage only a caricature, and is compelled to withdraw amid general derision. Walther appears, sings his song once more, moves the Master-Singers and the people, and carries off his beloved as his reward.

Such is the story of the piece, spun out to 125 closely printed pages. It must be confessed that the fancy displayed in it is somewhat scant, pinched the action, and poor in dramatic life the whole. But, it may be said, the libretto, probably, possesses enough poetic charm to make up for these drawbacks. Of a truth, in this respect, it is even worse. In the first place how much is wanting in the delineation of the principal characters! Hanns Sachs would please us most, did he not weary us so indescribably by his endless would-be philosophical tirades couched in the most wretched style of doggerel verse. Pogner is a frank, hearty personage, but also suffers from the same tedious long-windedness. The youth, David, is one of the best drawn characters, but soon becomes a bore, on account of his repulsive love affair with Eva's nurse. Beckmesser is more of a caricature than a comic figure. *Junker* Walther may pass as a specimen of the regular lover, nay, his poetical contest with pedantic tyranny would even excite human interest in us, had not Wagner made him too palpably the representative, in his tendencies, of his own worthy self. Eva, however, is utterly bad; one of those heroines who are epidemic with Wagner, love-sick, and madly fond of the opposite sex, rushing with open arms to the youth she has selected, undisguisedly impelled by morbid passion, so that we keep asking ourselves in amazement what models the author has studied for the admirable young creature. Her heroines are ugly caricatures of Shakespeare's Juliet, and Goethe's Gretchen. To prove this in the case of Eva, it will be sufficient, for the edification of the reader, to cite, in the words of the libretto, her first meeting with her lover. The scene is in the church. The congregation is singing a chorale. Eva is seated among the other worshippers, and Walther is leaning against a column. Business: "Walther addresses, yearningly, in dumb show, a question to Eva. Eva endeavours to answer by her looks and gestures, but then, ashamed, casts down her eyes. Walther tenderly, and then more urgently. Eva timidly repelling Walther, but then again looking up, with great feeling, at him. Walther in ecstasies; the warmest protestations; hope. Eva blissfully smiling, then timidly casting down her eyes. Walther pressing, but quickly stopping; he resumes his pressing gestures, but immediately afterwards tempers them down, to beg tenderly thereby for a meeting."

After this pious introduction, we are not astonished when Eva cunningly forgets first her neckerchief, and then the brooch, to get rid of her nurse for a moment, and indulge the *Junker* in a *tête-à-tête*. The young man most cleverly profits by the opportunity to ask her: "Miss, are you already engaged?" With equal propriety, she answers assuringly: "To you or no one." Even the worthy nurse considers this rather strong, for she observes: "Why, it was but yesterday you saw him for the first time." In this virgin-like style does the scene proceed. We have already seen how, at the commencement of the second act, Eva is waiting at the street-door for the *Junker*. She behaves with the same exceeding modesty to Hanns Sachs, whom she nearly drives into making her an offer.

Such, as Herr Wagner's pugnacious literary champions—for instance, Herr Ludwig Nohl, a short time since—assure us, are "Ideals of our most peculiar inward life, embodiments of the most truthful impulses of our purely human sensations." I have no objection, provided Herr Nohl applies the "our" to himself and his fellows. As Ideals of

* "*Junker*" is a title signifying "a scion of a noble family; a young squire."

German wives and girls, they are for us a little too—Wagnerian. Or shall we remind the reader of the scenes in *Tristan and Isolde*, or of those in *Die Nibelungen*, where, at the conclusion of several acts, the curtain must come down "quickly," not so much to veil from the spectator what is exceedingly critical, as to excite him to continue in his own imagination situations that are most suspicious. For instance: "Brunhilde flings herself into Siegfried's arms. The curtain falls." Or: "Siegfried draws Siegelinde to him with fierce passion; she falls with a shriek upon his breast. The curtain falls quickly." Of a truth, eminently edifying pieces for the wives and girls of Germany! Ideals of our most inward life!

I will say nothing of the text, which is partly treated in a vulgar and trivial manner, or, in the more elevated portions, obscurely and bombastically. Comicality consists with Wagner in farcical exaggeration and rapid caricature. "You have got it on the snout! There's a stunner! Pitch into each other; wollop the second! Ass! Dolt! Brute! You, lubber, you!" These are some of the tender blossoms of Wagner's comicality, of which that involuntary joker, Herr Nohl, asserts that they are quite on a level with the genial humour of Shakspeare. We must possess Herr Nohl's aptitude for an excessive spirit of partisanship to find that by their side of a "poem" like this the librettos of *Fidelio* and of *Der Freischütz* are bad. Even the text of *Die Zauberflöte* is highly poetical in comparison.

(To be continued).

MUSIC IN FLORENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Italy aspires to be considered the cradle and home of art, and if the execution of the works of great masters be not always on a par with their merit, it is because other countries pay better than we can, and the patriotism of Italian singers is not proof against the temptations of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. As regards the cultivation of music in its higher branches, Italy is indisputably far behind Germany. One hears much more well-chosen and well-executed music in Germany, apart from operas, more good concert music, amateur performances, and out-of-door music. Germans are thorough-going in whatever they undertake, and indolence will not confine them to mediocrity, whereas in Italy, where ears and throats abound, the national dislike to labour impedes the advantages that might be derived from them. The German is earnest even in what he takes up for his amusement, while the Italian treats the serious affairs of life as if of little importance. The present capital of Italy generally disappoints strangers in respect of music. Even in the height of the season it does not boast of one good opera company. The stars are apt to shoot northwards; but, allowance made for the attractions of English sovereigns and Russian roubles, it might still be thought that Florence should command a lyric theatre; and it would be unfair not to admit that there have been some performances this winter at the Pergola, that Biancolini and De Maesen have carried off laurels, that several operas, and especially Rossini's *Conte Ory*, were given in creditable style, and that the gratification of the audiences was completed by well-chosen ballets. The performance of the *Conte Ory*, announced for Biancolini's benefit, had to be put off, and another opera substituted. On the afternoon of the day when it should have been performed the manager of the theatre was informed that Madame de Maesen, who was to sustain the part of the Chatelaine, was seriously ill, and could not sing. It was late for such an intimation; the public had already secured most of the boxes and stalls; the lady's indisposition was sudden, and managers are incredulous. He of the Pergola, accompanied by his doctor, hastened to the singer's house, where he found himself confronted by the husband. A stormy discussion ensued; the manager was mistrustful, the husband indignant, but the squalling of one newly-born at last reached the ears of the former, and, if it did not appeal to his feelings, at any rate convinced him. Only, as nothing had been said, when the engagement was signed, of the probability of such an interruption to the singer's labours, the *accouchée* will probably be compelled to make good the sum that had to be refunded in consequence of her untimely "accident."

Florence, April 11.

PRAGUE.—Herr C. Oberthür has been created an honorary member of the Association for the Promotion of Music. He has also performed before the Emperor Ferdinand and the Princess von Oldenburg.

MILAN.—The latest quasi novelties at the Scala have been *La Favorita* and the ballet *Undine*. According to report, Mozart's *Messa Solenne* is shortly to be produced; but report is not invariably to be relied on.—The Cinielli has opened with *Nabucco*. The prompter died of an apoplectic fit an hour before the performance. The Teatro Santa Radegonda is to be opened this week, also with opera.

WEIMAR.—On the Grand-Duchess's birthday, there were two new operettas produced: *Der Gefangene*, by Herr Lassen; and *Der letzte Zauberer*, music by Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia. The former work is not likely to become extremely popular, on account of its monotonous character; while the latter has an equally slender chance of making the round of Europe, being essentially undramatic.

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.

Her Majesty's Theatre having now been rebuilt, there is once more an opera-house on the old site at the corner of the Haymarket which for a century and a half has been dedicated to such entertainments. The destiny of the new house is at present somewhat doubtful, but, whether used for opera, or drama, it will be one of the handsomest and most comfortable theatres in the metropolis. Novosielski's structure was only an opera-house adapted for operatic performances of a comparatively primitive kind, before large companies and imposing spectacular effects were thought of. Musical requirements were, no doubt, fully satisfied. It was an admirable house for hearing. The singers used to say there was no other stage on which they sang at once so easily and so well. The acoustic properties of the new theatre can hardly be judged till the hangings are up, but it promises well in this respect, and in every other it is a decided improvement on its predecessor. Two theatres having been burned down on this spot, it was natural that the architects should exert their ingenuity in providing against the recurrence of such a catastrophe. Hence the foot-lights, for example, instead of burning up, burn with downward flame into iron flues, under an artificial pressure of air which also helps to carry off the smoke. The painting-room, often a source of danger, has been removed from the roof to the side of the stage; the stage is cut off from the auditorium by a thick wall, and the pit rests on fire-proof arches. Hydrants, hose, and buckets in abundance are at hand to extinguish any combustion that might arise; but even if these failed, at the worst only the box fittings, seats, and stage would burn. The whole of the rest of the building is of iron, stone, and patent concrete, warranted to defy the flames. Four wrought-iron trellis girders, 90 feet span, support the roof of the auditorium and five girders of 56 feet that of the stage. The fireproof passages and stairs would afford safe and easy exit for the audience. In the old house, the principal staircase, it will be remembered, did not go beyond the grand tier, the upper tiers being reached by a couple of narrow wooden stairs; it is now carried to the top of the building, and is composed of stone throughout. Other staircases of stone communicate between the different tiers, and give access to the amphitheatre and amphitheatre stalls. There are also a separate Royal entrance and staircase. Altogether there are now four fireproof staircases from the bottom to the top of the building, and the tiers of boxes, stalls, and pit have each two outlets. It is an agreeable novelty in modern theatrical architecture that the comfort of the audience is deemed not unworthy of attention. Although the auditorium is nine feet less from the curtain to the box fronts than in the old theatre it remains the same as before in width, and twelve feet has been added to the height from floor to ceiling. Thus the various divisions of the house will be found more commodious, the boxes being both deeper and higher. Besides the refreshment saloons, including the *foyer* of the grand tier, there are two ladies' drawing-rooms, with retiring rooms. An elaborate system of ventilation has been provided, so that every part of the auditorium may be abundantly supplied with fresh but slightly warmed air. The possibility of the house being used as a regular theatre has, as we have said, been kept in view, the tiers of boxes being arranged so that they can be converted at any time into so many open circles. About 1,800 people can be comfortably seated in the house on an opera night, and 2,500 when the box partitions are removed. The private boxes number 130. The nine feet taken from the area, with other ten feet gained by a re-arrangement of the rooms and passages, has been added to the stage, which is constructed after the most scientific fashion. It can be raised, lowered, taken to pieces, or done anything with of which any known stage is or ever was capable, and its size, 60 feet deep, 95 feet wide, and 73 feet high (with space below to the depth of 32 feet), permits of every kind of scenic effect being produced. The scenes will be on rollers, not on frames, and the wings or side scenes, instead of running in grooves on the floor, will pass through slits in the stage, below which they will be carried to a sufficient depth to steady them without requiring support above. The proscenium is set in a rich gold frame, with figures of Tragedy and Comedy modelled by M. Protât. The curtain, painted by Mr. Telbin, represents the Triumph of Orpheus, after Raphael, and medallions of great composers stud the roof. The general decoration of the house is in the Italian style, light, bright, and elegant. The white and gold of the boxes, with decorative reliefs in *carton pierre*, will combine well with the crimson velvet borders and saffron curtains of the boxes, producing a very rich effect under the brilliant illumination of the great glass chandelier and the smaller ones round the grand tier. The total cost of this fine theatre has been £50,000. Though it was not till the close of May last that the works of the new house were commenced, it is now completely finished, with the exception of the hangings and such other decorations as will not be put up till it is about to be opened.

FLORENCE.—Don Carlos was announced for production at the Pagliano on the 20th inst.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSSINI.

(From the "Salon" for March.)

Towards the end of the summer of 1846—says the author of *Spiegelbilder der Erinnerung*—I went to Bologna to see Rossini; my father was an old friend of his, and had given me a letter of introduction to him. The whole of the first day I spent in wandering about the place trying to muster courage to present myself to him. The heat was oppressive, as it always is in Bologna at that time of year, and I got up at five the next morning to enjoy the cool morning air. After a delightful hour in the "Montagnola" Park, it struck me I might as well inquire what was Rossini's hour for receiving visitors, and whether he was then at Bologna. Coming round the corner of the Palazzo Zampieri to the little Piazza San Giacomo, where stood the Casa Rossini, I was not a little surprised to see before the door, so early, one of those queer Italian chaises of the shabbiest description, with a mule harnessed to it, and a small black boy with bare legs on the box, or rather on a board nailed on in front where the box ought to be. As I came near and was hesitating whether to address the boy or not, the door of the house opened, and a big, stout man, attended by three lads evidently belonging to the culinary department, confronted me. I didn't feel a moment's doubt about its being Rossini, knowing his face so well from pictures. He was then fifty-four; wore a large, fine white Florentine straw hat, a complete suit of yellow nankeen, low shoes, and fine white stockings, and carried in his hand a great red cotton umbrella; and as he came forward, with an easy elastic tread, his grand countenance lit up with the pleasantest expression in the world, and his great dark eyes beaming with good humour, he looked the very picture of a well-to-do, thriving Bolognese, of the type nicknamed "la grassa," and truly a most attractive specimen.

A perfect torrent of talk interspersed with the most lively gesticulations was going on between Rossini and his three attendants as he came out to the carriage, but he no sooner caught sight of me, standing bashfully at the door, with the letter in my hand, then he addressed me in French in the friendliest manner. As he read my father's letter, he kept saying, "O mio carissimo Antonio," and the minute he had finished it, he embraced me, and drawing me to the carriage, said in French, "You must come with me, young man, son of my old friend; this is my best time, when I go to market to the 'Piazza verde.' We will breakfast there and have a good chat about Vienna, where I spent such happy days with your father in 1822. I was very fond of Vienna, and found nothing but good people there, whom I never forgot—not a jealous set, like the Italians! And there, too, I saw the great Beethoven, but, unfortunately, we could not get on very well together, for besides being deaf he could not understand Italian, and I could not speak German. Then there was that delightful Prince Metternich, who still writes to me sometimes! And is Carl Czerny still alive, and Salieri? He must be pretty old!"

At this distance of time, it is impossible to remember all that he said as we went rolling over the paved streets. At our feet was a great empty basket which had been put in as we drove off, and the whole way he kept bowing and smiling on all sides to the passers-by. At last we reached the far-famed Bologna vegetable and fruit market, which beats anything of the sort in Naples, Paris, London, or Vienna. Such a wealth and luxuriance of flowers and fruit, and green things of all kinds I never saw! The minute we stopped numbers of *facchini* rushed to welcome the *maestro* and hold the mule. We left them in charge of our equipage, Rossini took my arm, and followed by the black boy with his bare legs carrying the empty basket, we pushed boldly into the midst of the noisy throng. We were immediately assailed by clamorous greetings from all the market-women, each one hailing Rossini to her stall, and for all he had a smile or a joke or a kiss of the hand. And, then, the way he went about tasting and trying and smelling, poking his finger into every cream pot and fruit barrel, and now actually licking up a drop of sweet oil from off the flat of his hand! Occasionally, it seemed to me he got a rude answer, and there was no end to the bargaining. It is a well-known passion of the Italians to go to market themselves, instead of intrusting the business to their cooks, and it shows a wonderful pitch of

Rossini evidently gave his whole mind to the task, but kept on talking French to me all the time, or humming tunes to himself. In the course of conversation, I happened to mention the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who was born at Bologna in 1776, and to whom I had been introduced in Rome, whereupon Rossini instantly seized hold of me by both hands, drew me to a big fruit stall, saying eagerly, "Come, I want to hear all about the great man with the forty-two tongues, and, meanwhile, we will get some breakfast here." And with this he dived into a heap of those glorious golden grapes called "Uva Paradisa," which grow near Bologna, and whilst the *contadina* held out a large sheet of paper, he piled upon it enough grapes, peaches, plums, and figs to feed several families. He listened with the deepest interest to all I could tell him about the great philologist, and went on eating all the time, as if he had been starving for days, gave handfuls to the black boy, and almost thrust the grapes into my mouth. He was soon surrounded by numbers of Bolognese, and as the conversation became Italian, which I unfortunately did not understand, I took my leave of the great *maestro*, intending shortly to return to Bologna. He embraced me most affectionately, and sent the tenderest greetings to my father, "Mio carissimo amico Antonio," calling out after me, "A rivederci! A rivederci, presto!"

But the sudden death of my father changed all my plans, and I did not see Rossini again till 1863, when I had the happiness of breakfasting with him once more, this time in Paris. He heard that I was there, and invited me to come to him next morning at nine. His rooms were over the Café Bignon at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Chaussée d'Antin, and the windows of his reception-room looked out on to the Boulevards. On going upstairs I was directed to a door at the end of this room, and my knock was answered by a loud "Entrate." I found him sitting in his bedroom at a long oval table heaped with music paper. He greeted me most kindly, and at once began an easy flow of talk, as if it were only yesterday that we were at Bologna together. He had changed very little in those seventeen years, but in spite of his fresh and healthy appearance, age had begun to tell upon him, and I was much struck by his ill-kept wig and sunken mouth, but the bright sparkling eyes and pleasant, genial expression of his face had lost none of their old charm. When the maid had brought in the breakfast, it was amusing to see with what care he prepared everything. On the tray were a tin saucepan, a coffee-pot full of steaming coffee, a jug of milk, and a few rolls of bread. First he put his finger into the milk to taste if it were sweet; then he smelt his coffee, poured both together into the saucepan, adding sugar, and finally broke up two or three rolls of bread into the coffee; all this he stirred together with a large spoon, talking away to me all the time, and gesticulating with the spoon or the empty milk-jug. I was in terror lest I should have to partake of the mess; but luckily it did not seem to occur to him. After he had tasted it several times, he brought it to the table, ladled out enough for six hungry men, and set to work upon it, evidently with a tremendous appetite. "Oh your German music!" he suddenly exclaimed, "people think I have no taste for it, but no one can have a higher opinion of Mozart than I; he is Germany's greatest genius,—greater even than Beethoven,—and in my earliest youth I used to play him at the Liceo, and Handel and Bach also. I am a true lover of German music!"

"You knew Mendelssohn, didn't you?"

"Yes, I was at Frankfurt with him for a few days, in the summer of 1836. What a gifted man and musician he was!"

"How sad that he should have died so young!"

"Yes, and that his followers should imitate him so ridiculously! Only the other day, one of those amiable young Germans of the very modern sort came to me with his compositions, 'Songs without Words,' of course, and wanted my opinion. I said to him: 'My good fellow, that's all very well, but I am no great friend of these new-fangled ideas. In my time, the songs used to have words, and that was quite sensible. For, don't you see, if by chance one could not discover any music in these compositions, at least there were the words; but with your new fashion, one runs the risk of finding neither music nor words. No, no, my friend, I advise you to stick to the old way of writing songs with words!'"

This malicious little story, though he had no doubt repeated it hundreds of times, seemed to afford him great amusement. When I turned the conversation upon Adelina Patti, whom I had heard

the night before, he burst out: 'O that dear, sweet little angel! What a charming creature! She has often sung in my *salon*, and the other day, when she had been singing particularly well, I said to her: 'My child, you must make good use of your youth and your talents. The whole world is enchanted with you, and you must see that you make plenty of money, and also save it. And promise me, Adelina, that when you are quite rich, you will learn a little?'"

"She sings an immense deal of your music. You know that her brother-in-law Strakosch, who is her pastor and master, arranged for her that addition to Rosina's part which you once wrote for Ungher."

"Yes. She sings my music divinely, only *un peu stracochonnisé, savez-vous?*"

And so he went on in one continuous flow of sparkling, witty talk, touching upon all possible subjects and people, throwing in jokes and puns at every turn, till we were both in fits of laughing—for he enjoys his own fun as much as anyone; and so ended my second breakfast with Rossini.

M. E. VON G.

[We are tired of insisting that 99 out of 100 of the so-called "*bons mots*" attributed to Rossini are the pure fabrications of the Parisian *petite presse* and small wits of the Boulevards. That he never addressed the ungallant speech to Madame Patti or invented the silly play upon the name of M. Strakosch, here, for the fiftieth time, attributed to him, we have had his own positive assurance. It is very unlikely, indeed, that Rossini would imply in one sentence that Madame Patti had learnt nothing, and in the next that she sang his music divinely. He was not quite so modest as all that.—A. S. SILENT.]

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated.)

The sixteenth season is to commence on Saturday, the 1st of May, with a grand musical festival in honour of Rossini. The orchestra will consist of upwards of 3,000, including the orchestras of the Crystal Palace Company and Sacred Harmonic Society, the chorus of the London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, &c. The programme will include the overtures to *Semiramide*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Guillaume Tell*. The *Stabat Mater* will form part of the selection, which also includes the "Prayer" from *Mosé in Egitto*, and the great scene of the Blessing of the Banners from the *Siege de Corinthe*. These great works of Rossini have never before been performed by such an imposing force. By special request the "Choral March" in *Naaman* will be introduced into the programme, and the festival will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa, an intimate friend of the great maestro in whose honour the festival will be given. A series of eight grand summer concerts, on the Handel orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns, will be held on Saturdays in May, June, and July, for which the most eminent artists are engaged. The Crystal Palace band will be considerably reinforced, and the vocal music will be interspersed with instrumental and choral works suitable for the large orchestra employed. Another attraction is the announcement of operas to be performed on the commodious stage erected last year in the Concert Hall. These will be played in English, supported by efficient companies, under the management of Mr. George Perren, Mr. Manns conducting. The *Bohemian Girl*, *Lurline*, and other popular operas will be produced, the series commencing at the termination of the Whitsuntide amusements.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.—We are very happy to announce that Madame Parepa-Rosa has almost entirely recovered from her illness, and that we may expect her in New York in a few days. During the early part of this month she received a splendid offer of a six months' engagement at the San Carlos, Naples, to make her *début* in *Norma*. She was compelled to decline this most flattering offer, for the reason that she had already begun to make up her company, to perform English opera in the "fall." Her engagements so far promise a fine material for English opera, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, that in that department Mad. Parepa is a host, of herself, and more attractive and competent, than any one she could engage. We understand also, that while in California, the Parepa found a young Swede with a magnificent tenor voice. She sent him on to New York to enjoy the advantages of thorough instruction, and it is said that his fine organ has developed wonderfully. We heard him shortly after his coming to this city, and concur in the opinion of Madame Parepa and her husband, that his voice is truly magnificent.

MIFFINS.*

(Continued from p. 274).

JULY.

Mr. Miffins is not dispirited, on the contrary, his determination is—well—read!

I am not dispirited. I have invariably through my long career of study, or rather my long study of a career found that the first half of a year, being of course the childhood and youth of that very fast going period, possesseth not that firmness, that unswerving will, that granite-like decision, that generally—and will in my case certainly—characterize the latter and more manly part of the year. My resolution to adopt a decided course this month, to round my determination to its full being and perfect growth, nothing can shake. I know and feel the importance of it, for the first step is the only difficulty, and that is taken—almost—the plan of battle deftly laid, the combat's won, the subject subtly chosen, the execution is a natural and easy sequence, and whether I choose to compose a Symphony, pastoral or military, an Opera, grand, romantic, or comic, an Oratorio, a Biblical Cantata, a Pianoforte Concerto, a Secular Cantata, a Book of Glee, a Wreath of Songs, or even nothing more than that humblest effort of the human musical mind, a Kettledrum Solo with Jew's Harp, and Triangles *obligato*—and I have known some pretty efforts in that direction—which ever one of these subjects I select—and I have almost decided—I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that its claims have been maturely discussed, and of knowing that—this is the last day of the month.

AUGUST.

Miffins don't get on, but all hope is not yet lost.

August, indeed, art thou, divine and joyous science of music, and happy am I, one of thy most untiring votaries to feel vibrating in my innermost soul the thrilling sounds of the coming composition, which during this—the fittest of all months—I shall complete—that is commence, for this celestial breeze, this white rolling, pleasant sounding sea of Long Branch, this vast interminable blue stretched grandly out above me, this utter and striking absence of all merely human interest, so characteristic of this secluded nook, are sublimely conducive to the promotion—what say I? the entire and delightful termination of my hereinbefore powerfully expressed determination, and never have I so strenuously resolved, so unconquerably reflected as to-day. Ah! this reflection shall bear rich fruit to-night. By-the bye, what says my trusty and unfailing almanac? "August, 28th, no moon, dark, and cloudy."—Then do I know the bright and glorious Luna will bathe this enchanted spot with her delicious beams of soft and silvery beauty, and 'twere a sin to lose such innocent and transient joys. No! to-morrow night the midnight oil shall burn, the sacred fire shall glow, the divine afflatus shall afflate, and August's last day shall fade in strains of music immortal—possibly—as the stars, many sounding as the waves, as rich in wondrous harmonies.—Can that be September's hot hand that bids me forth to the waters?

SEPTEMBER.

Miffins is spasmodically enthusiastic, and does—nothing.

I am astonished beyond measure to find myself back in New York with my resolution unaccomplished. Not that I am at all dispirited, for the six weeks' hard study at Long Branch have reduced my theretofore chaotic ideas to order, have given me new and symmetrical thoughts, have bestowed upon me fresh and vernal melodies, which only wait my bidding to march in musical battalions across my scored pages! Shall it be an opera? No! it shall be a symphony—"The Deep Sea Symphony,"—opening with a ground base swell, with seven low notes on the trombone, expressive of Neptune rising to pay homage to the morning sun,—sun represented by prolonged dashing of Turkish cymbals, merging into sportive triplets from *flauti* and *fagotti*—indicative of Naiads taking their matutinal bath. Then an obscure passage for the violins, muted, with *pianissimo* wailings for oboes, portraying the acute sufferings of melancholy mermaids while having their hair combed, to be followed by hoarse and rapid drum-beats, emblematic of Neptune angrily calling for his breakfast. Heavens! How the scheme grows in beauty! Then a violoncello dirge for an untimely Mermaid, that is a Mermaid cut off precociously. Then! then! where, oh, where is all my music paper? It is a most extraordinary coincidence, but my best ideas always descend upon me when my stock of paper is exhausted, and here comes that burly and aggravating October—!

(To be continued.)

BRUSSELS.—At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Mdlle. Marie Sass has appeared in *L'Africain* and *Il Trovatore*.—A second performance of M. Pierre Beriot's historical oratorio, *Die Schelde*, was given lately at the Théâtre du Cirque.

KARLSBAD.—Herr Labitzky, sen., has retired from the direction of the orchestra attached to the Kursaal, a post he has filled for years, not, it seems, to the unmitigated satisfaction of the Karlsbadites. He is succeeded by his son, Herr August Labitzky.

* From Watson's Musical and Art Almanac.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

(By an enthusiastic Verdist.)

I cannot help thinking that many of the high-born beauties into whose artistic education the music of Verdi has largely entered will relish, even more than previously, those touching and stirring melodies, if henceforth associated in their minds by as original and characteristic a tale of youthful energy as it has perhaps been their lot to meet with; not that the history of music is wanting in other and, perhaps, even more striking examples of genius triumphant over the obstacles of birth and poverty, and false estimates and appreciations of its powers; but it is well to be reminded from time to time that such achievements do not merely belong to an heroic and legendary age, if we may so term it, in the story of musical art, but that the very men, and Verdi foremost amongst the number, who are still contributing by their talents to our solace and our delight, have passed through similar trials and have come forth from them victorious. If in the highly interesting narrative of Professor Lessona I might venture to hint at any defect it would be one of omission. He has omitted to record one great cause of the immense popularity of *Nabucco* on its first appearance at Milan. I recollect hearing it at the Scala in the month of August, four months after it was first brought out, and I have the liveliest remembrance of the degree in which its popularity was enhanced by the subject of the opera itself—by its expressing the protest of a down-trodden and captive nationality against the yoke of a foreign conqueror. The figures on the stage were a Babylonish monarch and Hebrew exiles, but you could tell from the glances exchanged in the boxes and the pit that the audience heard in those choruses the discontent of Italian citizens with an Austrian viceroy. With this simple remark, I must now leave Professor Lessona to tell the story of his hero:—"Giuseppe Verdi was born the 9th of October, 1814, not, strictly speaking, in Busseto, as is generally believed, but in a little hamlet three miles distant, forming part of the commune of Busseto, and called Le Romole. His parents were very poor peasants. His earliest memories of his first childhood carry him back to the village church, where on Sundays he felt an extreme delight at hearing the organ play. At the age of seven his father sent him to the public school of Busseto, where the boys, beginning with the first elements of knowledge, were taught as far as the rhetoric class. He applied himself to study with a right good will, and from the very first had an irresistible liking for music, and on that account was always entreating his father to second his youthful desire. The thing was practicable, nay, easy, for in Busseto there was the organist of the college, *Maestro Pronesi*, a pianoforte player, not unacquainted with musical composition. The father consented, and with a few francs managed to get a spinet, on which Verdi commenced his studies. He was then eight years old. In a short time he could play not only on the spinet, but likewise on the organ, and advanced a few steps in the study of composition, to which he devoted himself with his whole mind, giving up to it all the time that was left after the work of the school, for which he had, likewise, the greatest taste. There occurred at that time an incident which played a great part in Verdi's first musical education, and which exercised a very important influence on the whole of his life. In one of the houses of Busseto, the pianoforte was heard constantly playing, and Verdi used to keep hanging about it. As often as the keys were touched he would remain motionless, as if entranced, nor would he leave the spot until the music ceased. The master of the house, Antonio Barezzi, was a rich merchant, and greatly delighted in music, playing several instruments himself, but not the pianoforte, which he had taken for his daughter, and which was then being played by another musical friend of Busseto. When thus hanging about the house, the boy Verdi at last attracted the notice of Signor Barezzi, who observed him standing hours together motionless as a post, and listening so attentively to the music; so, one fine day, he kindly accosted him with the following query:—"What are you doing, my boy, always stuck there like a post?" "I play on the piano myself," was the boy's answer, "and so I like to hear it played so well as it is in your house." "If that is the case, come in, and you will hear it played more comfortably, and come back as often as you like." Barezzi was an extremely kind-hearted man, frank, fond of doing good, and furnished with a keen instinct which at once detected the boy's original and noble character, his marvellous talent and love for music, his attachment to study, his affectionate, open, self-respecting, and somewhat proud character, and he conceived an affection for him as if he had been his own son, and the boy on his side loved him like a father, and returned most cordially his kindness. Thus encircled with kind affections, and wholly bent on study, Verdi passed from the stage of boyhood, and spent the first years of his youth in the quiet of that humble country spot, amidst the simplicity of nature, amongst those natural beauties of an eternal grandeur which have such charms for the mind capable of appreciating them. Assuredly that was a rare fortune for him, a rare fortune for every youth, especially for those of real talent, when they are able to pass the first years of life in the country rather than the town. But a year or two later Verdi was within a hair's breadth not of passing his life, but of having it, so to speak, regularly buried in the fields, but in a very different way from the one which he had set before him. He had reached his seventeenth year, and had now learned at Busseto all that could be taught in the place. He had reached the point of doing like others, of removing to Parma, there to continue his studies at the University, and to secure, as others did, a degree in one of the learned professions. But that was

a point beyond his father's means, who had done everything in his power to support him during those first years at Busseto, so he told him that there was no other way but to return home and set to work in the fields, unless he could strike out for himself some other resource. An excellent institution at Busseto, that of the Monte di Pietà, awards a bursary of 25fr. per month to four poor and promising lads, who can complete their education in some large town. Verdi asked for one of these bursaries, in order to repair to Milan and prosecute his musical studies. He obtained it; but 25fr. a month, live as frugally as you may, is not enough to keep the wolf from the door, so Barezzi promised him that he would make up the rest, in order that the youth at Milan might be able, month by month, to make both ends meet, and this was done. So Verdi started for Milan with a few coins in his pocket, with a packet under his arm containing the musical compositions which he had written between his 12th and his 17th years, and with a wealth of hope and of courage in his heart; and there occurred to him as soon as he got there the strangest, and for him, the most unexpected thing in the world. He presented himself to the Conservatory of Music for the purpose of obtaining admission, and was there subjected to some kind of examination. His compositions were looked through, he was made to play, and, after everything had been duly taken into consideration, he was shown to the door on the ground of his utter unfitness for the art of music. In the lives of great men the like judgments are by no means rare.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Since you have kindly allowed the Welsh harp question to be discussed in your columns, will you permit me, as a representative of this venerable instrument, to make a few observations with the view of giving publicity to facts relating to the triple harp that have come under my own personal notice during my career as a "professional Welsh harper?" They may help to throw some light on a topic which, though not new, seems just now of more than common interest to Welshmen. The restoration of their "national instrument," suggested by our esteemed countryman, Mr. Brinley Richards, whose note of warning found a quick response from myself and Mr. Rees, of Llandovery, whose letter you inserted recently. As this gentleman's views on the subject and mine agree in the main I shall not trespass by directing your attention to my first letter. If, however, there be anything worthy your notice in my second letter, which I enclose, you are at liberty to make use of its contents in any way you may think fit. There are a few points in Mr. Rees's letter, and your comments thereon, which seem to me to require a word or two, especially the latter, as they seem to convey the idea that the professional Welsh harper appears, as it were, under false colours, by playing upon an instrument no more Welsh than the bagpipes. Nor can you understand why, being Welsh harpers, they use it (the pedal harp, I presume) exclusively. "A 'Pencerdd' or an 'Eos,' unable to play upon the instrument of his nation, while getting cash and credit for a mastery over that with which his country has nothing to do, is a curious anomaly." So it would appear to me. The following extract from the *Sunday Times*, dated June, 1856, proves there is one professional Welsh harper, at least, who is able to play upon the instrument of his nation, and always prepared to accept engagements, public or private, town or country, London or Wales, when they come.—"Mr. Ellis Roberts gave his annual concert at the Music Hall, Store Street, Mr. Roberts is an excellent performer on the ancient Welsh harp, which in his hands discourses most eloquent music. He was enthusiastically encored in a solo with variations of his own composition, and obtained a similar compliment for a solo on the modern harp." "The harp of Wales," like the "harp of Ireland," is now "The harp that once," &c. My triple harp hangs as mute in Meirion's Hall as though its chords, for want of use, had fled and the string have become so relaxed, that the only air it faintly murmurs is "The light of other days is faded, and all its glories past." Unfortunately, engagements for the Welsh triple harp are something like Glendower's spirits, whom he summoned from the vasty deep—they never come. Pupils are equally difficult to move. As I have pretty clearly shown in my letter to the *Cornwall Herald*, that the Welsh harp has no substantial support in its own country, is an undeniable fact. Is it reasonable, then, to expect an "Eos" or a "Pencerdd" to keep up an instrument when such facts as I have stated stare us in the face? To every Welshman who has a spark of nationality in him the preservation of his national instrument must surely be a subject of intense interest. I agree with Mr. Richards and you, sir, that steps should be taken to preserve the Welsh harp. Whether the Elisteddof possesses the proper means to do it is a question I am not able to decide. There is an old adage, "Everybody's business is nobody's business," and I fear the Elisteddof itself is suffering from the ill effects of irresponsible bad management, so we must not expect the Elisteddof to do much. It is not the fault of the professional Welsh harper that the harp of Wales is always absent on the anniversary of St. David, when the aristocracy of Wales meet their countrymen in London to dine and listen to English songs and ballads sung by English artists. The decline of the Welsh harp has been going on for the last thirty years. I have drawn attention to the fact in the Welsh journals over and over again. I am not a "prophetic bard" like Taliesin, who could see the "path of unborn ages." But I have warned my countrymen and the Elisteddof of the result—the utter extinction of the national harp—if they continued so apathetic and indifferent to its use and proper support. Perhaps, as the Welsh become more enlightened in matters pertaining to the art of music, especially instrumental music, they will be better able to appreciate those "simple beauties of the art divine," which their own triple harp is capable of rendering when touched by the hand of a musician. You may depend on it the restoration of the Welsh harp does not remain with the Elisteddof alone, but the Welsh people themselves. However patriotic a "Pencerdd" or "Eos" may be, they cannot stand against the force of national stagnation. These days of high rents and taxes are somewhat different to the days when the professional harper or "Pencerdd" was exempt from those heavy responsibilities of modern times. He had no rent to pay, no taxes; he held his hands free, and was allowed great privileges besides. In the absence of all these good things the professional Welsh harpist has what?—censure, because he does not follow an instrument divested of every penny of emolument in any shape whatever—unless he condescends or rather descends to the lower regions of a Welsh alehouse—where, no doubt, he might pick up a few pence to enable him to keep body and soul together during the interim of the Welsh festival or Elisteddof. A Welsh harper cannot live upon air (even though it be Welsh air) alone.—Yours, &c.

ELIAS ROBERTS,
Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

MUSICAL PITCH.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Since writing my former letter, it has occurred to me that it might aid in the discussion of this question to give some definite information as to the varieties of pitch actually used at present in London. I have taken some trouble to ascertain this, by personal observations and calculations, and have embodied the results in the following table. The numbers are given for the C on the third space in the treble, in double vibrations per second; and to estimate the value of the variation, it must be recollected that, at this part of the scale, a difference of about thirty vibrations per second represents a semitone.

Table of Varieties of Pitch

	Vibrations.
Italian Opera in 1859 (as quoted in the Society of Arts Report), A = 455 ..	541
Sacred Harmonic Society ("Samson," Feb. 12)
Crystal Palace Orchestra (Feb. 13)
Monday Popular Concerts (Feb. 15)
Druy Lane (Feb. 20)
Covent Garden (March 1)
Erard's general pitch, to which they send out all their pianofortes
Broadwood's "Concert" Pitch ..	536
Crystal Palace great organ (Feb. 13) ..	534
Society of Arts C fork * ..	531
German Standard ..	529
Broadwood's "Medium" Pitch, to which their new pianofortes are tuned for general sale ..	526
Westminster Abbey (Feb. 23)
St. Paul's Cathedral (Feb. 16)
Hill & Son's standard for all new church organs
Broadwood's "Vocal" Pitch, used for all pianos sent out for vocal concerts without orchestra ..	518
French Standard (A = 435)
Philharmonic, 1813 to 1843 (A = 433) ..	515
PHILOSOPHICAL OR NATURAL STANDARD ..	512
Big Ben (F = 170) ..	510
Pitch recommended by Mr. Maass (a semitone below 535) ..	508
Church organs, various ..	518 to 500
Handel's fork, 1740 (A = 416) ..	495

Some of these numbers differ from those usually given, for the following reason:—In comparing a pitch regulated by A, with one regulated by C, the temperament must be taken into account. For example, if an organ, or other keyed instrument, be tuned to the French standard A, the C on that instrument will be the tempered C (518) and not the true C (522). I have, therefore, in all cases where A is the standard note, given the vibrations for the tempered C.

We learn two important things from this table. In the first place the concert orchestral pitch is well defined and remarkably uniform in the different orchestras, so that we know exactly what we are dealing with. It has not risen in the last ten years, being, if anything, a shade lower. But it is still three-fourths of a semitone higher than the Philharmonic pitch maintained from 1813 to 1843.

Secondly, we find that singers, when untrammelled by orchestral accompaniments, have, by a sort of common consent, adopted a pitch about two-thirds of a semitone lower than that at present used in the orchestras, and which lower pitch, therefore, we may assume to be generally considered most suitable for vocal purposes in this country.

Thus we seem to have drifted insensibly into the establishment of two well-defined pitches—one orchestral, the other vocal.

It is almost wasting words to argue for the lowering of the orchestral pitch. Independently of the anomaly of retaining two definitions of the same musical note, and of differing so materially from other nations with whom we are in constant musical communication, the orchestral pitch is much higher than any classical composer ever wrote for; it gives a false rendering of the music, and sometimes makes it impracticable; it strains the voices, disturbs the temper, and damages the performance of the singers; and it is inconvenient for many of the instruments, or for the players upon them.† No musical advantage has ever been proved to balance these evils; the objections to change are entirely personal or commercial ones, which we need not discuss here, further than to say it is a pity such reasons should be allowed to stand in the way of a measure that would be so advantageous in every musical point of view.

Neither is it necessary to insist on the desirability of having some one fixed standard. The idea that the pitch of musical notes should be incapable of correct definition, or that where many have to work together this pitch should be variable at anybody's pleasure, without any standard of comparison, is opposed to common sense. The only argument to the contrary ever used is the difficulty of getting the standard generally adhered to; but this is of no more force than it would be to argue against a standard of length, because all the yard measures in the country did not correspond. No one pretends that a standard of pitch should or could, in this country, be made compulsory; but the very existence of such a standard would have the effect of producing a constant

* This is intended to correspond with the German standard; but on comparing it with a "regulation" A fork of 435, brought from France, it comes out slightly sharp, as given in the table.

† I calculate that the difference between the orchestral and vocal pitch adds about 8 per cent. to the strain on stringed instruments, if the same-sized strings be used. In the pianoforte this extra strain on the framing amounts to no less than a ton and a quarter, thereby much increasing the cost, and diminishing the power of standing in tune.

tendency to uniformity, which would ultimately bring about all the beneficial results desired.

What then ought this standard to be? There are three to choose from, which I have put prominently in the table.

The Congress of British Musicians, who considered the subject in 1859, evinced a strong leaning towards the lowest of these; but as it was thought by many practical musicians that the time was not ripe for so great a change, the Congress recommended the German standard as a more moderate measure. If this recommendation had been adapted in the musical world, we should have heard nothing of the present agitation; and as, singularly enough, the German is exactly a mean between the two English pitches, if we wanted, even now, to strike a balance between them, the German would be the obvious standard to take.

But circumstances are now changed. The call for lowering is much louder than it was ten years ago, and singers would not now be satisfied with the relief of one-third of a semitone. And (although it certainly seems odd, in a musical question, to ignore the practice of the most musical part of the Continent, from which nearly all our music comes) we must take it, I think, that the general sense of the English musical world is in favour of a standard more nearly approaching that of our neighbours across the Channel.

The question lies, therefore, between the other two, the French and the natural standards. Now, it must be observed that when practical musicians advocate the "French pitch," they merely mean that or something near it. None of them would venture to say there was any appreciable advantage, in a musical point of view, in 435 vibrations per second over 430 or 440: they name the French standard simply because it is the one that comes most practically before them; but if it happened to be a fifth of a semitone sharper or flatter it would be just as acceptable. It ought to be known that the actual French number is entirely empirical; it has no sort of justification in a natural or philosophical point of view. It is singular that the French, who took so much trouble to derive their standards of measure and weight from a great natural and philosophical analogy, should have been so remiss in this instance; but so it is.

There does, however, exist a great philosophical and natural analogy which might serve to fix a standard of pitch worthy of a scientific nation; and which standard, moreover, is practically identical with the pitch the English musical world are now crying out for. The simple fundamental datum of one vibration per second gives the simplest note in music, C, at a pitch differing only by a practically inappreciable quantity from that of the vocal pitch already adopted in this country. The difference is in the right direction, one-fifth of a semitone lower. It could only be detected by good ears and with careful attention; it is only what is constantly introduced by equal temperament (the tempered C sharp on the natural scale coincides with the true C sharp on the French), and it is much less than the change induced by alteration, during a concert, by change of temperature. Wind instruments tuned to the natural pitch would be far above the French before an evening performance was over.

There is another argument in favour of the natural standard. Some years ago I was commissioned by the Government (through the Astronomer Royal) to report on the notes actually sounded by the great Westminster bells, and a set of careful experiments were tried by myself and Mr. J. H. Griesbach, to determine the number of vibrations. Referring to the calculations I then made, and introducing some slight corrections, I make the key-note of the chimes, F, given by Big Ben, to be about 170 double vibrations per second. This gives a C of 510, differing inappreciably from the natural standard.

So that by adopting this standard we should have the advantage of a huge Government tuning-fork, distributing the standard musical pitch within hearing of all London, every hour of the day!

By this measure, while we should adopt almost implicitly the judgment of practical musicians, we should escape the charge of servilely copying the empirical formula of our neighbours, and should put the matter on a truly philosophical and reasonable basis, worthy of the country of Newton and Herschel.

Athenium Club.

WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

HERR OBERTHÜR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—On my return from Prague I found that a report about my playing there appeared in a recent number of the *Musical World*. I have to regret that the foreign editor from whose paper the report in question has been taken, not having been sufficiently conversant with the nature and appellation of English musical institutions, made the mistake of describing me as a professor of the "Royal," instead of the "London Academy of Music."

I beg to enclose the programmes of all the concerts in which I played at Prague, which will sufficiently prove that I have not been advertised under any other term but that to which I am perfectly entitled to.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, yours truly obedient,

CHARLES OBERTHÜR,

1st Professor of the Harp at the London Academy of Music, and Hon. Member of the Conservatoire de Musique, at Prague.

14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W., April 21.

[We have examined the programmes of the concerts forwarded to us, in all of which Herr Oberthür is announced as Professor of the London Academy of Music.—Ed. M. W.]

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has the honour to announce that his NINTH SERIES OF PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

Friday, May 7,	Friday, June 4,
Friday, May 14,	Friday, June 11,
Friday, May 21,	Friday, June 18,
Friday, May 28,	Friday, June 25.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The success which attended the performance last season of the whole of Beethoven's miscellaneous compositions for pianoforte alone, together with the whole of the published compositions for the same instrument by Schubert, the majority of which were until then entirely unknown to the general public, encourages Mr. Hallé in the belief that a repetition of the same will meet with general acceptance, and that increased familiarity with these works will enhance the appreciation of their manifold beauties.

The present Series of Recitals will therefore comprise:—
Beethoven's Andante in F; Rondos in C and G, Op. 51; Fantasia, Op. 77; Polonaise, (Op. 89; Bagatelles, Op. 33, 119, and 126; Rondo e Capriccio, Op. 129; Six Variations, in F, Op. 34; Variations and Finale Alla Fuga, in E flat, Op. 35; Six Variations, in D, Op. 76; Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, Op. 121; Six Variations on an original Air in G; Thirty-two Variations on an original Air in C minor; Twenty-four Variations on an Air by Righini, "Vieni amor," in D; &c.
Schubert's Ten Grand Sonatas; Fantasia-Sonata in G, Op. 77; Fantasia in C, Op. 15; Four Impromptus, Op. 90; Six Moments Musicaux, Op. 94; Four Improvisations, in form of a Sonata; German Dances; and, for the first time, several compositions which have come to light since the end of last season.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from 3 o'clock to 5 p.m.

Mr. Hallé will be assisted at each recital by Mlle. Regan, who will sing selections from the *Lieder* of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the various pieces will, as usual, form part of the programmes.

Prices of admission:—Sofa stalls, numbered and reserved, for the series, £2 2s.; single ticket, 7s.; balcony, for the series, £1; single ticket, 3s.; arca, single ticket, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, No. 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

Subscribers wishing their seats reserved are requested to notify their intention to Messrs. Chappell and Co. on or before Monday, May 3.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Thomas Greene Bethune, better known as Blind Tom, the negro pianist, was born in Georgia, on May 25th, 1849. His parents were common "field hands." He was born blind, and long supposed to be idiotic. He could, however, imitate sounds, and repeated words and sentences as sounds, without an idea of their meaning. When his owner said "Tom, sit down," Tom stood still and repeated the words. Then his owner, repeating the command, sat him down, so that he connected the words with the action. It was soon seen that Tom forgot nothing.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.

Owing to an unusual press of matter, articles on the third Philharmonic Concert, the last Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace, and other performances of interest, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

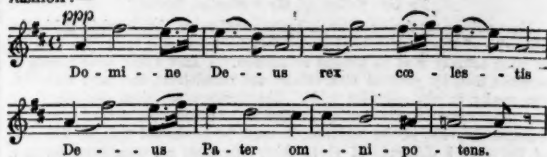
ROSSINI'S SOLEMN MASS.

(Continued from page 271.)

THE GLORIA.

THE "Domine Deus," a tenor solo, *Allegro giusto*, in D major, after an introduction of seventeen bars, opens with the fol-

lowing melodious theme, accompanied in the simplest possible fashion:—



The subject is immediately repeated in the tonic minor (a device as uncommon as, in this case, it is charming), after which, phrases, more or less growing out of it, lead up to a full close in the original key. A portion of the introduction follows preparatory to the second subject, which, while less melodious than its predecessor, derives interest from a more important accompaniment. Its short, detached phrases hardly admit quotation. All the first part is then repeated, and is followed by a bold *Coda*, with an animated triplet accompaniment. The closing bars are these:—



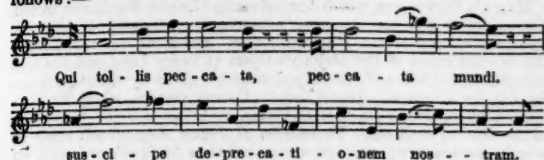
The "Qui tollis" appears as a soprano and contralto duet, in F minor, *Andantino mosso*. After a few bars of introduction (*ppp*), which call for no remark, the voices enter as thus, accompanied in *arpeggio*:—



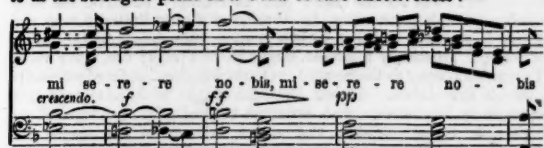
Passages, of a character which this quotation sufficiently indicates, follow, till, after a modulation into C major, the words, "Miserere nobis," occur, connected with the subjoined phrases—*arpeggios* still going on, as, indeed, they do through the entire movement:—



This ends the first section of the duet, and is immediately followed by a passage for soprano voice alone, in D flat major, repeated in the dominant of that key, by the contralto. The melody runs as follows:—



An ascending chromatic sequence of thirds is the only other noteworthy point before all the first section is repeated. At the end of the latter, a change is made into F major for the *Coda*, and some graceful passages in triplets give the music a lighter character. These do not call for quotation, but we will indicate what appears to us the strongest point in a *Coda* of rare effectiveness:—



With this, ends a duet perhaps more characteristic of what we know as the Rossinian style than anything else in the Mass. Of the immense popularity it is destined to acquire there can be little doubt.

In our next article, after noticing the "Quoniam," we shall say something about the fugue which has set Paris by the ears.

(To be continued.)

THE WELSH HARP.

THE remarks we made last week upon the use and preservation of this national instrument have elicited from Mr. Ellis Roberts a letter, to which, in another column, and in the most diminutive type we have at command, we cheerfully give insertion.

Mr. Roberts's letter establishes the fact that there is, at least, one Welsh harper able to play on the instrument of his nation, and not less able to teach those willing to learn. Moreover, it adds to the proofs already existing that the Welsh harp is fast dying out of popular estimation. Indeed, it would seem that Mr. Roberts is the sole representative of the ancient Cambrian minstrels, and that, like the last bard who inveighed against "proud Edward's power" before committing suicide, he may fittingly string up the instrument now "mute in Meirion," and, ere sending it to South Kensington, bewail the invasion of Saxon harmoniums.

Mr. Roberts evidently expects little from the Eisteddfod, even in a matter so peculiarly Welsh. He must know far better than ourselves what that institution can do; but, with all deference, we still think the limit of its capacity has not yet been reached. There is no getting over the position taken up by Mr. Brinley Richards on this point; and unless the Eisteddfod—the conservator of all things Welsh—practically encourages to a greater extent than now the use of the Welsh harp, it fails in its duty. That such additional encouragement is possible and even easy cannot be doubted.

Some of Mr. Roberts's remarks are founded upon a misconception of our meaning. It would be folly to expect a Welsh harpist, in or out of Wales, to confine himself to the comparatively poor instrument of his nation. He must make his bread out of the harp which puts the greatest resources at its command, whatever its country. To him the triple stringed is an affair of luxury, of sentiment, or of nationality; but we contend again that every Welsh harper should have the power to play the Welsh harp, and, on

fitting occasions should show that he has it. Only this can justify the parade of bardic titles we so often see. A "Pencerdd" or an "Eos" (advertised as such) using a foreign instrument becomes absurd, whereas the doing so by David Jones or Thomas Lloyd would be perfectly legitimate. Let the fitness of things be regarded in this matter, and the national instrument will never die out. Welsh harpers we shall always have with us, and of the making of Welsh harps there need be no end. In conclusion, may we give Mr. Roberts a hint? When he plays before his master, the Prince of Wales, he may or may not use the Welsh harp. If not, why not? His Royal Highness's appreciation of music in any form is notorious, and the Prince would, probably, be as much charmed with the triple strings as with the pedals. About the force of the example thus set we need say nothing.

IN a flattering notice of *Mlle. Alide Topp's* performance of Schumann's A minor concerto, for pianoforte, at a recent concert in Boston (Massachusetts), *Dwight's Journal of Music* makes the subjoined sensible remarks:—

"No doubt it added to the wonder of the audience that she played without notes, but there are dangers, hairbreadth escapes, in sliding over such thin ice, which an audience does not always notice. Memory may prove treacherous with the best. In the middle movement (the *Romanza*) musicians knew, what publics do not suspect if the movement be only continuously kept up, that the fair artist forgot herself more than once, skipping a bar or two and having to go back for the orchestra. We name this only as an argument against the practice, introduced by modern piano virtuosos, such as Bulow, of trusting wholly to memory in playing long and difficult concertos with an orchestra. It may give the solo player greater freedom as well as greater prominence; but in the latter view it looks like affectation; for, after all, in such a case the piano is but one part among many, and there would be equal reason why each and every instrument in the orchestra should play without notes, since their parts in such a whole are something more than mere accompaniment: each is an indispensable individual factor. If one is to play without notes, why not all? And the conductor—why should he have any score before him?"

To go further—why should not the leader in a quartet, quintet, or other chamber composition, play his part from memory? This is never done; though, doubtless, Herr Joachim, who, like Mendelssohn before him,* plays his concertos invariably without book, could accomplish one feat just as easily as the other. Madame Goddard, when Miss Arabella Goddard, used always to trust to memory in her public performances of pieces with which she was more or less familiar. On one occasion, however, at the rehearsal for a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, she was about to begin the second concerto of Mendelssohn. The conductor was Molique. No sooner had she played the first few bars, than Molique, watchful as usual at his post, exclaimed—"Miss Goddard, where is the music?" "I have no music," was the reply. "Then do I not conduct?"—replied the great musician—"until you have found it." And, as good as his word, Molique postponed the rehearsal of the concerto in favour of something else.

As a matter of plain justice, no artist who takes part in a concerted piece of music has a right to dispense with the printed notes, inasmuch as, should memory fail him, he brings his associates equally into trouble, and the fault is as likely to be charged upon them as upon him. Exceptions may be made on behalf of a virtuoso who brings forward his own composition, and, again, of players (and there are many such) who, throughout their career have at the most four or five pieces in their heads and in their fingers. It was only the other day that an artist no less experienced and

* It should be borne in mind that the concertos most frequently played by Mendelssohn amounted to five in number—Beethoven's in G and E flat, Mozart's in D minor, and his own two; and these he had been playing all his life. Even in performing his trios, Mendelssohn discarded the book; but Mendelssohn was Mendelssohn, just as Mozart was Mozart; and there is an end of it.

ready than Mr. Hallé made a slip in the first movement of Beethoven's G major concerto, which he has for years been in the habit of executing publicly without the notes before him. But who is infallible? The critic who would take umbrage at such a mere accident in the midst of so generally finished a performance as that of Mr. Hallé must be a churl at the best.

In all this argument we take no account of such exceptionable phenomena as Joachim, Liszt, and two or three others. And yet we remember Joachim once playing a wrong note, in the slow movement of Mendelssohn's E flat quartet (No. 3, Op. 44), being absorbed and having his eyes off the book, and at another concert coming in half a bar too soon in the scherzo of the same composer's D minor trio, for a similar reason. As for Liszt, we have heard him make more false notes than we can count; while on one occasion, with the cool effrontery of a self-satisfied man of genius, he absolutely undertook to read Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor *a prima vista*, at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, succeeding so well that the composer was observed abruptly to leave the room in the middle of the first movement. Herr Rubinstein almost invariably plays without book, and with what result we need scarcely remind anybody who has ears sufficiently acute to detect false notes from true.

To conclude, that executive artist is happy who never plays a false note. Let us, therefore, drink to the health of Alfredo Piatti. Another executive artist might, for a similar reason, with equal propriety be toasted; but it is our custom in discussing musical questions to confine our examples to foreigners.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Friday night as the final concert of the season. The performance was directed by Sir Michael Costa, who, on taking his place at the conductor's desk was received with uproarious applause from all parts of the hall—the members of the orchestra and chorus joining heartily in the demonstration, which was one of the most unanimous and cordial ever addressed to a public artist in this country. We need scarcely suggest that the recent distinction bestowed by Her Majesty the Queen upon the eminent Neapolitan musician—a naturalized Englishman, as all amateurs are aware—had something to do with this unwonted exhibition of enthusiasm.

That Sir Michael Costa would be fully alive to the sympathy thus shown him in a place where for twenty-one years he has directed performances of the greatest works by the greatest composers of sacred music, may readily be imagined. On no occasion do we remember him more zealous, watchful, and painstaking, and the result was an execution of Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece which, in so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, has not been surpassed at Exeter Hall. Without entering into any unnecessary details, we may say that the chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society has rarely if ever sung more uniformly well, and that the magnificent "Thanks be to God," at the end of Part I., was a thing to remember. The orchestra, from the overture to the end, was absolutely perfect. Doubtless every member exerted himself to the utmost, and if it could have been supposed that Sir Michael Costa would conduct better than Mr. Costa, it might be believed that, with the social elevation of their chief, the admirable instrumentalists who have so long submitted to his sway felt themselves artistically elevated with him. But, whatever the reason, the fact is as we have stated.

The principal solo vocal parts were sustained by Mdlle. Carola and Miss Robertine Henderson (sopranos); Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Julia Elton (contraltos); Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor); and Mr. Santley (upon whom devolved the whole of the music of the Prophet Elijah, which he never declaimed and sung more splendidly), bass; the subordinate parts in the double quartet and other concerted pieces being variously sustained by Messrs. Carter, C. Henry, and Smythson. Not one of these well-known artists has sung more carefully, or better, in our experience. Madame Sainton was perfect in all she had to do. In short, the entire performance was eminently satisfactory—such a performance, indeed, as befitted such an occasion. The hall was crowded in every part.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our last notice of this house, the *Huguenots* and *Fidelio* have been repeated, the *Huguenots* twice, three performances of *Il Flauto Magico* making up the sum total of the fortnight's proceedings.

Mozart's fairy opera, which the intensely German Beethoven would always insist was the composer's masterpiece, formed, it may be remembered, one of Mr. Mapleson's chief attractions last year during the summer season of Her Majesty's Opera at Drury Lane, and was also included in the series of winter performances given by the same company (a few absentees allowed for) at Covent Garden, when Mr. Gye opened his theatre to his rival, and thus, doubtless, laid the foundation of the existing coalition. To describe *Il Flauto Magico* itself again is wholly unnecessary; nor are we compelled to dwell at any length on the performance, seeing that, with the exception of Tamino—now allotted to Signor Bulterini, *viz* Signor Bettini—all the chief characters are sustained by the same artists as in the winter; the Pamina being Mdlle. Tietjens; Astrifammante ("Queen of Night"), Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Papagena, Mdlle. Sinico; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Mr. C. Lyall; and Papageno, Mr. Santley. The execution of the music unrivalled in melody as for ingenious and symmetrical construction it is unsurpassed, was for the most part exceedingly effective, the only absolutely weak point being the Tamino of Signor Bulterini, who will persist in straining and thereby in a great measure damaging the quality of what, if artistically managed, ought to be a really fine tenor voice. Tamino's soliloquy to the portrait, "O cara imagine," suffered materially through this defect. Signor Bulterini might with advantage take example by Mr. Santley, who, although not an Italian, has acquired the legitimate Italian method, and whose delivery of the simple and charming melodies assigned to the cowardly birdcatcher, Papageno, is as near perfection as can well be imagined. Not less admirable, in the music of Pamina, is Mdlle. Tietjens, who has all the traditions of the character, who imparted genuine and heartfelt pathos to "Ah! lo so," the touching apostrophe to the absent Tamino, and whose duet with Mr. Santley (Act I.)—*Là dove prende, amor ricetto*—was one of the successes of the evening, obtaining a hearty and merited encore, a distinction no less worthily bestowed upon Mr. Santley, in the pretty air, with accompaniment of bells, "Colomba o tortorella" (Act II.). Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, who invariably shines in the music of the "Queen of Night," has never in our remembrance declaimed and sung it more impressively. Both her great airs were finely given, the last especially—"Gli angui d'inferno" (wisely transposed a tone lower)—into which she threw a force and vigour so extraordinary as completely to "carry away" the audience, who applauded her with such vehemence at the end of the first section of the *allegro*, in which occur the famous passages of *staccato* notes in the highest part of the voice, that she was forced to go back and repeat the whole from the beginning. Since the not easily-forgotten Anna Zerr, no one has given this wonderful piece with such fire and impassioned utterance as Mdlle. de Murska. Mdlle. Sinico was, as usual, a model Papagena, and her comic duet with the long lost Papageno, as usual, one of the "hits" of the evening. Signor Foli, whose noble bass voice is eminently suited to the music of the High Priest Sarastro, alike in the air with the chorus, "Possenti numi" (in the accompaniment to which Mozart has shown how trombones may be employed to support instead of overpowering the voices), and the still more popular, though certainly not more beautiful, solo, "Qui sdegnò" ("In diesen heil'gen Hallen"), acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every competent judge. To pass over in such an enumeration Mr. C. Lyall's very quaint and original impersonation of Monostatos, chief of the slaves and guardian of Pamina, would be unfair. As on previous occasions, "O cara armonia," when Monostatos and his fellows are compelled to dance in spite of themselves to the irresistible strains of Papageno's music, was one of the most diverting incidents of the performance. The important concerted music which Mozart has put into the mouths respectively of the three good Genii and the three Attendants of the Queen of Night was, on the whole, well sung: that of the first trio by Mdlles. Bauermeister, Locatelli, and Drasilli; that of the second by Mdlles. Creusa, Corsi, and Scalchi; the two armed men who chant a "canto fermo" to the orchestral accompaniment of one of Mozart's elaborate fugues, in the scene of the "Orrida Monte" ("Horrid mountain" as the English version of the book translates it), were represented by Signors Marino and Fallar; the chief "Orator" was Signor Casaboni, and the Priest of the Temple of Isis, Signor Campi. At the first representation, owing to some unexplained mishap, the trap which was to have brought up the three Attendants on the Queen of Night remained stationary in the regions below the stage, and it was found expedient, in order that delay might be avoided, to omit the beautiful quintet in which these supernatural ladies take part with Tamino and Papageno; but at the second representation on Saturday there was no such *contretemps*, and all went smoothly.

Not the least noticeable point in the general performance of *Il Flauto Magico* is the execution of the choral and orchestral music. The impressive chorus of priests, "Grand' Iai! grand' Osiri," may be cited

among the most admirable achievements of the chorus, and the magnificent overture as the most admirable achievement of the orchestra. Signor Arditi was (happily) conductor on both occasions, and on both occasions the house was crowded. It should be added that the scenery, costumes, and decorations for this revival of Mozart's opera are almost entirely new, and that every pains have been bestowed on its preparation.

To-night, for the first time this season, *I Puritani* is to be given, with Mdlle. de Murska as *Elvira*.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to appear on the 4th of next month, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Madame Adelina Patti on the 6th, in the *Sonnambula*. In addition to this we are promised *Robert le Diable* on Monday, and *Guillaume Tell* on the Saturday following.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The eighteenth season of these musical entertainments opened on Wednesday night at St. James's Hall, to which place Dr. Wylde has felt obliged to return by the very satisfactory reason that the comparatively limited area of St. George's Hall can no longer furnish accommodation for his subscribers. There was a brilliant attendance, and the following was the programme performed:—

Part I.—Overture "Faniska," Cherubini; Concerto for clarinet, Molique; Scena, "Alfin son tua"—*Lucia*, Donizetti; Symphony, "Eroica" Beethoven. Part II.—Concerto in A minor (for pianoforte), Hummel; Air Hongroise, Karoly; March, "Cornelius," Mendelssohn.

The magnificent orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as first violinist, which Dr. Wylde has at command, did not fail to distinguish itself in connection with Beethoven's long and splendid third symphony, which was very finely played from the first movement to the last, and received with the admiration which such a performance deserved. Cherubini's very interesting overture would doubtless have found a warmer reception upon this its first introduction at the New Philharmonic Concerts, but that it formed an accompaniment to the rustling ingress of late-coming stall-seatholders. Molique's clarinet concerto in F minor was welcome both for its own sake and for that of the accomplished artist who, being now no more heard in the place which he so long filled with honour, is doubly acceptable in the concert-room. We allude, of course, to that prince of clarinet players, Mr. Lazarus, who was greeted with unanimous applause, and whose perfect execution of Herr Molique's melodious work was a genuine treat.

Madame Arabella Goddard, who is happily able to resume her public labours, was the pianist of the occasion. Among the many obligations which the talents and universally comprehensive repertory of this gifted lady have enabled her to confer upon the lovers of good music, not the least important is that of keeping in just remembrance composers of sterling merit, too much neglected by the majority of professedly classical performers, but whose works are admirably worth hearing, even in connection with the acknowledged masterpieces, one or more of which habitually and properly find place in every Philharmonic programme. Hummel's concerto in A minor is one of the brightest and most engaging works of a master to whom pianoforte students are especially indebted, and who deserves to be an enduring favourite with both executants and listeners who are bent upon forming their taste upon genuine and correct models. From the performer the concerto demands first-rate ability of every kind, and this it found in Madame Goddard, to whom the florid passages in which Hummel delighted came as child's play, whilst the pure melodies which are no less characteristic of this good old writer were given out with the inimitable beauty of tone and expression that invariably distinguish this veritable exponent of the "art of singing as applied to the pianoforte." Madame Goddard's power over her auditors was thoroughly consistent with her performance. Every stage of the piece was applauded with enthusiasm, and a peremptory recall followed its conclusion.

The vocalist was Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, whose singing in the elaborate scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor* (flute obligato Mr. Radcliffe), and a Hungarian air excited the *furor* which is sure to succeed performances of this kind. The "Air Hongrois," accompanied by Signor Bevignani on the piano, was remarkable for a particularly well-executed *ralentando ed pianissimo* conclusion, and was encored by acclamation.

Dr. Wylde announces Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony for his next concert on the 28th instant.—*Morning Star* (April 16th).

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has undertaken to give a "Recital" of classical pianoforte music at Blackheath, on Saturday, May 22.

THAT accomplished and deservedly popular singer, Miss Edith Wynne, is about to give her first concert in London at St. James's Hall, on the 27th of May. She will be assisted by the most eminent talent, vocal and instrumental; and Mr. Benedict, who is to conduct, has promised a new song expressly for the occasion—to be sung, of course, by Miss Edith Wynne.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The following is the programme of the last *matinée* of the present series. Sonata Pastorale, Beethoven; "Ophelia" (Romance), Aguilar; *Andante e Rondo Capriccioso*, Mendelssohn—played by Miss Mina Bouchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar; "Appeal," "In a wood on a windy day" (Transcriptions), Aguilar; Sonata in A minor, *Allegro*, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *Mosé in Egitto*, Thalberg—played by Miss Mina Bouchier; "Idyll," "Birds at sunset," Aguilar; "Evening," "March of the 99th," Aguilar.

MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE gave an evening concert of classical chamber music at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, on Monday the 12th instant. The programme, which was formed on the "Monday Popular" model, was very interesting, and appeared to be much enjoyed by the large audience. Mr. Prentice, whose talents are considerable both as pianist and organist (in which latter capacity he is locally best known), contributed to the programme Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Woelffl's "Ne plus Ultra" Sonata, a "Saltarello" by Heller, and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. He also played, in conjunction with Mr. H. Blagrove, the well-known "Kreutzer." In each and all of these he acquitted himself well, and received from the audience deserved applause. Mr. Blagrove played in the second part a "Rondo and Air Russe" by De Beriot, in his usual skilful manner. The vocalist was Miss Fanny Armytage, who sang "Softly Sighs," and the concert-giver's lately published ballad, "Mither, blame me not for loving," which the audience liked so well that it was re-demanded.

THE Southwark Musical Society, a body which has within the last two years risen to a foremost place among local musical organizations, last week gave a very satisfactory performance of *St. Paul*, in the Memorial Church, New Kent Road, to an overflowing audience. The orchestra consisted of about 40, and the chorus was upwards of 120. The solo singers engaged for the occasion were Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Riseam, and Mr. Hubbard. Mr. Josias Wills conducted, and Mr. Blake was leader of the band.—The same society gave a performance of the *Messiah* in the Avenue Church, Erith, last week, under the direction of Mr. Josias Wells. The orchestra and chorus numbered nearly one hundred. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Lamb, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Greenhill. The ladies sang very effectively "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "He was despised," Mr. Greenhill gave the air, "Behold and see," capitally, and proved himself an excellent artist by the way in which he sang the music entrusted to him. The chorus, chiefly of amateurs, sang steadily and well, especially "For unto us a Child is born." Mr. Harper presided at the harmonium.

THE concert given on Monday last, at the Beaumont Institution, was entirely vocal. Mdlle. Lesca, Miss Ellerman, Miss Alice Fairman, Herr Deck, Mr. Denbigh Newton, and Herr Reichardt were the artists. A succession of songs, without any instrumental piece between, we should have voted monotonous. Not so the visitors to the Beaumont Institution, who enjoyed the programme heartily, and re-demanded nearly half. Herr Reichardt, who is a great favourite in the "East," was asked to sing again "Love's Request," as well as "Thou art so near." Instead of repeating the latter, however, he gave his cradle song ("Good Night"), which the audience would fain have encored also. Mr. Denbigh Newton had to repeat Molloy's "Vagabond," and Miss Alice Fairman Ganz's "Since Yesterday." The same compliment was deservedly paid to Miss Ellerman after Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," which she sang with taste and feeling. Mdlle. Lesca, a soprano, possessing a fine voice and much energy (a good sign in a young artist), sang the cavatina from *Linda*, "O luce de quest' anima," and "The Nightingale's Trill" (Ganz). She produced a highly favourable impression in both, and will no doubt be heard often in a concert-room during the season. Mr. Ganz accompanied the vocal music with pianoforte.

MR. W. H. TILLA's concert took place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. The special interest attaching to it lay in the first appearance of the concert-giver since his return from Italy. It sometimes happens, but not always, that residence in the so-called "land of song," makes a man a singer, so that these first appearances create a speculative excitement as to what may, or may not be, the result. Mr. Tilla sang during the evening Ganz's "I seek for thee in every flower;" Donizetti's "Tornami a dir" (with Miss Edith Wynne); Leslie's "Love, gentle, holy, pure" (with Madame Boddie-Pyne, and Madame Sainton-Dolby), and (with Mr. W. Stanley) Benedict's "The moon has raised." The first, second, and last, were encored. Mr. Tilla has a tenor voice, especially fine in the higher register, and there can be little doubt, that when a few trifling mannerisms are rubbed off, he will develop into a good and acceptable singer. Besides those already named, the following artists took part:—Mr. Lewis Thomas, who was much applauded in "The Lass that loves a Sailor," and "Rage, thou

angry storm;" M. Sinton, who played one of his own capital solos like the great violinist he is; and the London Glee and Madrigal Union. We must mention that Miss Edith Wynne won an immense encore for Benedict's ever-welcome, "Rock me to sleep," that Madame Pyne had to repeat, "Roaming through the green fields," and that Madame Sinton was more than once recalled after her charming ballad-singing. Madame Arabella Goddard was to have played two solos, but indisposition, unhappily, kept her at home.

PROVINCIAL.

ABERYSTWYTH.—The *Caermarthen Journal* of April 9th says:—

"On Friday a concert of considerable attraction came off at the Temperance Hall. The talent employed by Mr. Inglis Bervon (organist of the parish church) on this occasion was a sufficient guarantee for success. The persons engaged were Miss Edmunds, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The attendance was considerable, and the concert throughout gave great satisfaction, and encores were called for and given several times."

BIRMINGHAM.—A concert was given recently in the Town Hall by Mr. D. F. Davis. One of the singers was Mdme. Florence Lancia, of whom the *Daily Post* thus speaks:—

"Public interest centered chiefly in the performances of Madame Lancia, whose fine rich voice, brilliant execution, and expressive style, fully warranted the applause bestowed on them. Her versatility and dramatic feeling were displayed to great advantage in Auber's melodious and graceful *scena*, but the audience preferred a simpler and humbler effort—a plaintive, tender song by Diodonato, which she sang at a later hour, and which was encored. In responding to the call she substituted 'Sweet Violets,' and, on a redemand of her subsequent effort, the tuneful air from *Lurline*, she sang Ardit's popular vocal *valse*, 'Il bacio,' displaying in each instance those attributes of grace, fluency, and refined expression for which she is deservedly famed."

CLIFTON.—We have received the following from a correspondent:—

"Miss Home, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a concert in the Victoria Rooms, on the 12th inst., which the local papers agree in pronouncing a success. The different notices assign to the *débütante* 'a very sweet soprano voice,' 'clear and resonant in the upper notes, correct in intonation,' and 'giving evidence of most careful training.' Her selection of music wins the warm approbation of the *Clifton Chronicle*, who is wearied with 'the trash too frequently inflicted by singers of reputation.' Miss Home's principal effort was the scene from *Fidelio*, 'Ah qual furor,' which was listened to, says the *Times* and *Mirror*, 'with breathless attention, and at its close Miss Home was deservedly rewarded with a hearty recall, and the applause was still more demonstrative after her duet with Mr. Cummings, 'How sweet the Moonlight.' The *Daily Press* pronounces her singing of 'Orpheus with his lute' admirable. Miss Marion Severn and Mr. W. H. Cummings lent their valuable aid, the first producing a most favourable impression in Haydn's Spirit Song, and the last being encored in Leslie's 'There was once a Maiden,' which Mr. Cummings sang in his very best style. A young local bass, Mr. Montague Worlock, did good service in the quartets, singing with much care; and Mr. F. Chatterton displayed his marvellous command of the harp to the delight of many in a highly critical audience. Mr. C. P. Mann, conducted, and also played Sterndale Bennett's 'Rondo Piacevole,' and a well chosen selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*."

GOSPORT.—Our correspondent writes as subjoined:—

"The members of the Literary Institution gave a concert at the Star Hotel with great success. The vocalists were Miss Ellice Jewell (who has had the honour of playing before the Queen at Osborne), Miss Anne Jewell, and four gentlemen from the choir of Winchester Cathedral. An apology was made for Miss Anne Jewell, who was suffering from cold, but the young lady sang so well that the audience requested her to repeat 'Auld Robin Gray.' Miss Jewell, however, wisely refrained from so doing. The *Hampshire Telegraph* says:—'Miss Jewell has a voice of exquisite sweetness, and she created a most favourable impression among the audience, and Miss Ellice Jewell is a pianist of remarkable skill. Her performance of Chopin's *Polonaise* in A major showed her command of the instrument, and after the march from *The Ruins of Athens* she was unanimously recalled, and encored.' Herr Kreyer and Miss Ellice Jewell played a duet for clarinet and piano (*I Puritani*), and Mons Paba a *valse* by Herr Kreyer, for piano solo, with good effect. The concert gave general satisfaction."

NOTTINGHAM.—A correspondent writes as follows about music in Nottingham:—

"Mr. Henry Farmer's last concert of chamber music took place on Friday the 2nd of April. Mr. J. F. Barnett was the pianist, and fully sustained his reputation both as pianist and composer. His trio in

C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, is a work of genuine merit, which improves upon acquaintance. Its execution taxes the powers of the performers in no ordinary degree, but the difficulties were easily overcome by the players—Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby, and the whole performance was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Barnett also played two solos of his own composition: "Early Love," and "Chanson d'Amour," the latter being encored. Mendelssohn's fine string quartet in E minor (No. 2, Op. 44), by Messrs. Henry Farmer, Leverton, Myers, and Selby, and Mozart's no less admirable quartet in E flat, for piano and strings, by Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Henry Farmer, Myers, and T. L. Selby, each given with the utmost spirit and correctness, were both heard with attention and unflinching interest. Mr. Henry Farmer gives these concerts more for the purpose of cultivating and keeping up the taste for high class music than as a pecuniary speculation, and all lovers of genuine art must wish every success to his praiseworthy enterprise. Next year he hopes to have the valuable services of Madame Goddard, who will no doubt be an immense attraction, she being a very great favourite with the musical people of Nottingham."

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent says:—

"The Sacred Harmonic Society's last concert for the present season, took place at the Dome Assembly Rooms. *Elijah* was given on the occasion with Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn, as soloists. A series of 'Musical Evenings' is announced to be given in the Concert Hall, West Street. An orchestra of thirty performers under the direction of Mr. W. Devin will assist. A grand choral festival by the Brighton and Sussex Choral Association is in preparation. It is intended to take place in the Dome Pavilion. The chorus will consist of about 300 voices from the Brighton, Hoveham, Hurst, Henfield, Lewes, and Hailsham choirs. Fraulein Melhorn, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, are to be the principal vocalists, and a band of harps, with Mr. Balsir Chatterton, and Mr. John Cheshire as the head, will lend their aid. The Brighton Glee and Madrigal Union will also assist. Signor Lardelli is to be accompanist, Mr. Hiles organist, and Mr. Newport conductor. Messrs. R. Potts & Co. are to have the 'business arrangements' under their charge."

LEAMINGTON SPA.—An evening concert took place here, at the Royal Music Hall, on the 31st ult., given by Miss Rachel Gray, a resident vocalist of ability, about which our correspondent writes as follows:—

"Miss Rachel Gray enlisted several artists from London, and, with a chorus and small band, gave M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, the principal parts by Miss Gray herself, Messrs. Alfred Hemming and Frederick Penna. Herr Gollmick conducted, and Herr Goffrie led. Then followed a part-song, 'Shadow,' for four voices, by Herr Gollmick; and a song, 'My Sweet,' by Mr. Tours, sung by Miss Rachel Gray—both encored. A violin solo by Vieuxtemps, capably played by Herr Goffrie, some songs by Messrs. Penna and Hemming, and choral part-songs (from Mendelssohn, &c.) were included in the programme. The room was crowded."

TORQUAY.—A local paper says:—

"Signor and Madame Garcia gave their last concert of the season on Monday, at the Bath Saloon, before a fashionable audience. The programme was of considerable attraction; not only was there the choicest music (Mendelssohn having been selected as the groundwork for the concerted music), but two performances of the most effective kind were given by Signor and Madame Garcia; the one was the Prison scene from *Il Trovatore*, the 'Miserere,' and 'Ah che la morte,' Madame Garcia's singing being such as to make her hearers wish it was not so soon over. The other was a *scena buffa* from *Don Checco*. The manner in which the part-songs were executed by the Signor's pupils, is worthy of special notice, the light and shade being most carefully observed, especially in the 'Hunting Song.' If such be the result of this gentleman's class training, there is but little doubt that next season he will be able to form a large society."

GLASGOW.—The following is abridged from the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* of the 15th inst.:—

"By particular desire, Mr. Reeves appeared at the Theatre-Royal yesterday evening as Henry Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, instead of as Francis Osbaldistone in *Rob Roy*. The house was densely crowded; and a most enthusiastic reception was given to the eminent tenor. Those who witnessed his performance of Monday would be fully prepared for the representation he gave last night of the heir of Ellangowan. The character is often unduly subordinated; but in the hands of Mr. Reeves it assumes its proper position. He acts with ease and finish, and with a thorough understanding of the requirements of the part. It would be superfluous to dilate upon his singing. Suffice it that, besides joining in the 'Echo Duet' and concluding choruses, he sang four pieces: 'Be mine, dear maid,' 'My Pretty Jane,' 'Tom

Bowling,' and 'The Pilgrim of Love,' and that each was rendered with the incomparable sweetness and beauty of expression for which he is distinguished. Applause such as only wakes the echoes of the building on great occasions spoke the thorough delight of the audience, and their desire for repetitions—a desire, by the way, not complied with, and properly so. Mr. Reeves was well supported by Miss Ada Jackson as Julia Mannering, Miss Falconer as Lucy Bertram, Mr. Fitzroy as Dominic Sampson, Mr. Dobson as Dandie Dinmont, and Mr. Duncan Smyth as Gabriel."

The *North British Daily* (Glasgow) *Mail* of the 17th inst. adds the subjoined:—

"Last night the national drama of *Rob Roy* was again produced in the Theatre-Royal—Mr. Sims Reeves playing Francis Osbaldistone. The house was crowded as on Wednesday, the stalls and boxes being occupied by the *élite* of Glasgow, a goodly number of the applicants for these parts of the house being by courtesy accommodated in the 'wings.' Although some of the characters might have been in more efficient hands, yet the great tenor made up for every deficiency, and the performance was most successful."

On the following evening Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit. The piece was *Guy Mannering*, the entertainment concluding with the Clachan scene from *Rob Roy*.

—O— WAIFS.

Rienzi is having a curiosity-success at the Lyrique.

Monsieur H. Kowalski, a Parisian pianist, has arrived in London.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been singing with some success in Amsterdam.

Mozart's *Così fan tutte* is to be brought out this month at the Italiens.

The *Diapason Normal* has just been adopted at the Breslau Theatre.

There are in Paris sixty-three "cafés-concerts," and more are promised.

Mdlle. Georgi, the contralto, is engaged by the new Opera company at the Lyceum Theatre.

Signor L. Fumagalli, the pianist and composer, brother to the late Adolphe Fumagalli, has arrived in London.

Mdlle. Nilsson has organized a concert for the benefit of the distressed poor in her native province of Smaland, Sweden.

Mr. Goldberg, the composer and professor of singing, has arrived in London after a lengthened tour in France and Germany.

Alexander Dreyshock, the famous pianist, died on the 1st of April, about three weeks after his brother, whose death we have already announced.

Rumour states that Herr Ferdinand Hiller has resigned, or is about to resign his post as director of the Cologne Conservatoire. No reason for the step is given.

La Comédie states that Madame Volpini has been re-engaged for St. Petersburg by order of the Empress. She is to receive 90,000 francs for four months' services.

Letters from Vienna inform us that the new Operahouse will be opened on May 15, with Gluck's *Armida*. Both the building and its decorations are much admired.

M. Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist (professor at the Moscow Conservatoire), has been giving some successful concerts in Warsaw. We believe M. Wieniawski is now in London.

Prior to Prince Arthur's departure for the south, Dr. White, of Waterford, had the honour of presenting his Royal Highness an original lyrical address at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin.

An orchestra has been constructed upon the stage of the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, and Bryceson & Co. have just erected an organ to be used in the "Sunday Evenings for the People," and also for Promenade Concerts.

From Berlin we hear, that by an order from the Intendant General, the dancers at the Opera are enjoined to suppress their moustaches, and that the grievance seems to them so serious that they have addressed a protest to the King.

Mr. Gye has been to Paris arranging with Mdlle. Patti for the production, at the Royal Italian Opera, of *Mignon*, in which she is to play the part of the heroine; so that this year M. Ambroise Thomas will have no reason to complain of neglect.

An inventive (American) genius has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nose a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

The Triennial Festival of the Three Choirs takes place at Worcester this year, commencing September 7, and the committee have instructed Messrs. Bryceson & Co. to provide a powerful electric organ, to be erected on the orchestra in front of the west window of the Cathedral.

The programme of the last Conservatoire concert in Paris contained Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, the double choruses from Mendelssohn's *Edipus*, Haydn's Variations on the Austrian Hymn for all the stringed instruments, Beethoven's *scena*, "Ah! perfido" (sung by Madame Gueymard), and the overture to *Oberon*.

A DUCK AND A CANARD.—The *Musical World* treats as a canard the story that the Duc de Massa marries the divine Mdlle. Nilsson. We hope that the *M. W.* is right, for though Mr. Jessel says that all wives are slaves, we should not like to think that such a wife had always to address her husband as "massa."—*Punch*.

The New Adelphi Music Hall, Union Street, Oldham, which was opened a few months ago by the Oldham Philharmonic Society, fell down on Monday morning about nine o'clock, and has become a complete wreck. The cause of this catastrophe is the undermining of the foundations while excavating for the adjoining new buildings.

Mdlle. Nilsson tells her friends that there is no foundation for the stories of her being about to be married to the Duke de Massa, the Marquis de Scepeaux, a Russian prince, or anybody else. She has before her a long list of professional engagements in England, America, and elsewhere, and contemplates the fulfilment of all of them.

A choral festival will, we understand, be held in Westminster Abbey, by permission of the Dean of Westminster, on Wednesday, the 23rd of June, in aid of the funds of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor. The choir will be very numerous, and the sermon will be preached by the Lord Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Atlay).

Watson's Art Journal, speaking of a performance at Brougham's Theatre, says:—

"Mr. Arthur Matthison has occasionally surprised even his immediate friends by the admirable quality and power that marked his singing of the bits allowed him in Antonio's part."

Mdlle. Nilsson is to make her last appearance at the Opera in the character of Ophelia, previous to her departure for London, on the 28th inst. If we may credit *Le Ménestrel*, Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Arditi, Messrs. Santley and A. Harris have secured places for the performance with a view to the most faithful representation possible of *Hamlet* at Covent Garden.

Mdlle. Enequist has been entertaining the *habitués* of the salons in Paris. "At a *matinée musicale* in the Rue de Courcelles"—writes *La France*—"Mdlle. Enequist sang Swedish airs, and a *Valse* by M. Loret, accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer. She does not shrink from the greatest vocal difficulties, and "Perte les cadences d'une façon très remarquable."

"At the end of this month"—writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—"you will have La Patti with you. Much exaggerated nonsense was written about the sums she received for singing in Belgium, en route to and from St. Petersburg. I can tell you the exact sum—£320 a night; and one director offered to write a cheque for £3,200 for ten representations."

The "Sunday Evenings for the People," at the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, have been largely attended. Interesting lectures by eminent men; good music, *Stabat Mater*, *Messiah*, &c.; band and chorus of 100. Music very well done. Great interest taken by the working classes, who were present (by free tickets) in large numbers. Proper behaviour. No applause. Movement spreading.—T. DUFF SHORT.

M. Padeloup, conductor of the Concerts Populaires, and director of the Théâtre Lyrique, has lost the action brought against him by M.M. Carvalho and Copin in re certain decorations, &c., belonging to certain works which the authors thereof, in consequence of M. Carvalho's failure, having withdrawn, the new manager declared useless to him and therefore declined to pay for. M. Padeloup is ordered to pay to M. Copin, as receiver for the various claimants, the sum of 100,000 francs.

During a concert in the Boston Music Hall, recently, when the organist was "exhibiting the full power of the instrument," a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbour about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but the organist making a sudden transition from *fff* to *pianissimo*, without giving the lady warning, the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "we fried ours in butter!"

A correspondent at Munich informs us that Mdlle. Mallinger, to whom is assigned the part of a water nymph in Wagner's forthcoming opera, *Rheingold*, now being rehearsed, is taking swimming lessons, in

order that she may effectively carry out the august composer's intentions. Our readers may remember that in the first scene of *Rheingold* a nymph has to sing a cavatina in her native water. We are not able to say whether Herr Wagner insists further that she shall sing it in her native costume.

Since *Guillaume Tell*, there has been no progress in dramatic music but there has been further progress in instrumentation. At one moment the continued invasion of "the brass" seems to have startled Rossini himself. In 1834, when his young friend, Bellini, had just produced *I Puritani*, Rossini, writing an account of the first performance to a friend at Milan, said of the celebrated duet for Tamburini and Lablache, with its highly military accompaniments, "I need not describe the duet for the two basses. You must have heard it at Milan."—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

From St. Petersburg we receive a list of engagements for the Imperial Italian Opera next season, which is to commence Nov. 3 (Oct. 22. o. s.), 1869, and finish March 8th (Feb. 22. o. s.), 1870. We subjoin particulars:—

"*Prime donne*: Mmes. Adelina Patti, Fricci, Volpini, Perelli, Trebelli, (contralto), Lucia (from Nov. 4, to Dec. 16, 1869). *Seconda donna*: Madame D'All'Anese. *Primi tenori*: Calzolari, Bettini, Mario. *Secondo tenore*: Rossi. *Primi baritoni*: Graziani, Gassier, Capponi, Meo, Steller. *Primo basso*: Baggiolo. *Primo basso buffo*: Zucchini. *Secondo basso*: Fortuna. *Chef d'orchestre*: Vianesi. *Régisseur en chef*: Harris."

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.—The great honour which Her Majesty has been pleased to confer upon this distinguished conductor is a flattering recognition of his position as chief of the musical world in England. It is only a short time since that he received the Cross of Officer of the Red Eagle from the King of Prussia, and now the Sovereign of the country which undoubtedly owes so much to his talent most appropriately bestows on the composer of *Elk* and *Naaman* a special mark of Royal favour. This well-deserved distinction—accompanied, as it is, by universal congratulation and sympathy—may console the greatest master of the *bâton*, and the best musician of the time, if for a short period we lose the pleasure of admiring and applauding his conduct of the Opera.—*Morning Post* (April 16th).

ROSSINI'S MUSICAL CAREER.—Rossini began to write in the year 1808; and it was between the years 1813 (*Tancredi*) and 1823 (*Semiramide*) that he made his immense reputation. During the next six years, from his visit to London in 1823 until the production of *Guillaume Tell* in 1829, he made his fortune, while continually adding to his reputation. Finally he passed the third and comparatively inactive period of his life, from the year of *Guillaume Tell* until his death, in the tranquil enjoyment of his fortune and reputation, reminding the world from time to time, by the *Stabat Mater*, by the three choruses, "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," and by some charming compositions for voice and piano, that he was still the Rossini of former days; and proving by his last production that, even in extreme old age, he retained his glorious powers in all their fulness. He composed a cantata when he was sixteen, and a mass when he was twenty-two. He began to write ten years before Donizetti, and nearly twenty years before Bellini; and he continued to write when these, his immediate and most illustrious followers, were no more. It is clear, then, that in Rossini the Italian music of the nineteenth century is represented, and, as it were, comprised. Consider, in addition to this, the vast popularity of his best works, and the influence of his style on that of Herold, Auber, and Meyerbeer, and what can be more evident than that Rossini was the chief operatic composer of his time, not only as regards Italy but as regards all Europe?—*Life of Rossini*, by Sutherland Edwards.

Dr. Marcet, of Brompton Consumption Hospital, has been looking down the throat of one of the Tyrolean singers to ascertain the physiological conditions which produce the *false* notes. Observations were made by means of a laryngoscope, an instrument whereof the principal member is a mirror placed at the back of the patient's mouth. The human vocal apparatus consists of a pair of membranes situated horizontally in the throat, and just touching at their edges. In singing, the lips of these cords are brought into contact, approach each other throughout their whole length, and remain parallel. When set in vibration by the passage of air, under ordinary conditions, a full chest note is emitted; but if they do not meet in their entire length, either a posterior or anterior portion remaining apart, the sound is feeble and shrill; the note emitted is what the stringed instrument player calls a harmonic, and the singer a *false* note or head note. The violinist who would bring out a harmonic so touches a string that, instead of making it vibrate as a whole, he divides it into segments, each vibrating by itself, and emits the note due to its short length instead of that which the full length would yield. The same appears by the *false* singer: the adept can at will shorten his vocal cords so as to pass from any note to its harmonic. The muscular process by which this is effected is not clearly made out, so that it cannot be determined whether all are alike gifted with powers of head singing equal to the Tyrolese, or whether Alpine melody grew out of the peculiarities of Alpine throats.—*Once a Week*.

FREE ADMISSION SYSTEM.

While all sorts of operatic changes are taking place, it would be a good thing to do away with the system of free admissions, under which a whole class of persons have grown up who never by any chance pay to hear an operatic performance. These *habitués* of the first row of stalls where, by reason of the loudness of the orchestra, it is impossible to hear the singing; of the last row of stalls, from which, on account of the distance from the stage, it is difficult to distinguish the features of the performers; and of the twelfth row, which is placed in a thorough draught, would occasionally drop a guinea into the treasury if they were quite sure that they never could have a stall for nothing; and to an *impresario*, in the present day, every guinea is valuable. Speaking generally, these so-called favours benefit neither him who gives nor him who receives; indeed, he who receives at first hand is rather injured by the gift. The man who has the unfortunate reputation of being the occasional recipient of "tickets" is constantly pestered by friends who are not grateful if anything short of the very best places in the theatre are offered to them; nor is it possible to content one friend, even in a moderate degree, without rendering discontented half-a-dozen others, who have been expecting, to the number of six, what can only be granted to one or two. To be sure, there is one use in free admissions. If you want to offend an acquaintance, so that he may never speak to you again, and to accomplish this end without being guilty of any positive rudeness, all you have to do is to send him a box rather near the stage; send it to him by a Commissioner, and leave him to pay for the message. But one does not want to do a thing of that kind every day. Neither does one want, every day, to be importuned, for the most part in vain, either by disagreeable, nor, above all, by agreeable acquaintances; the most fatal bore of all is the bore you would not, on any account, treat as such. The whole system is absurd. Managers will not understand that people who do not pay for their places are far more difficult to please than those who have invested beforehand a certain amount of money in the entertainment they are about to witness.—*Daily News*.

HERR WAGNER'S LAST.

This ill-advised music-maker and critic, whose perversity and arrogance both as to quantity and quality far exceed his cleverness, has of late been "exalting his horn" and sharpening his pen with a vengeance. His "kingly friend," the not over-wise monarch of Bavaria, has commanded that Herr Wagner's *Rheingold* (only one part of his *Nibelungen* Trilogy) shall be represented on the 25th of August, the anniversary of the royal birth-day. To prepare duly the groupings, the dresses, and the scenery for this solemnity, the theatre is to be closed for six weeks—from the 28th of June to the 11th of August. This will be a truly pleasant surprise to inhabitants or to passing guests, but "What would you?" Herr Wagner apparently remains to be King of the King of Bavaria. Let no one be surprised should a second act of a Munich Trilogy (to be entitled *A Drama of Royal Favourites*), following that memorable first act of which Lola Montes was the heroine be acted. At Karlsruhe the composer only demanded one hundred and fifty rehearsals for his *Meistersinger*! The same opera, by the way, has been vigorously hissed at Mannheim. Such vagaries of quackery, gaining for itself (as quackery always may do) contested favour and aristocratic countenance, would not be worth noticing did not Herr Wagner continue to sit in insolent judgment on his betters in music, who were too great and too genuine to have the slightest recourse to charlatanism. If my memory do not deceive me he has publicly cried "Peccavi" for the presumptuous sins and insults committed and vented in his early book, *Oper und Drama*. Yet lo and behold it would seem that "The creature's at his dirty work again," if the analysis of a new pamphlet by him which has appeared in a certain foreign paper is to be relied on. This pamphlet (appealing to the Jesuitism of South Germany?) is entitled *Judaism in Music*. Herr Wagner furiously attacks the Israelitish composers, not sparing the last of the great Germans, Mendelssohn. What does such a Thersites make of the singers belonging to "the tribes"—of such a queen of opera as Pasta, noblest of all remembered women as a singer and as an actress, to be named before the last French tragic actress (unfortunately also a Jewess) Mlle. Rachel? Of our English Braham, of course, a despot so self-sufficient in his ignorance as Herr Wagner can never have heard. The extraordinary violence and overweening self-complacency which the above manifestations evidence ought to work their own defeat and discomfiture. But it may be feared that till the end of time there will be Shallows who will submissively follow the lead of impudence pretending to taste and foresight, and conceive such a proceeding to be at once interesting, reverential, and "in advance of the age." H. F. C.

April 10, 1869.

DR. HEINRICH KREISSLE VON HELLBORN, well known for his biography of Schubert, died recently at Vienna.

WARSAW.—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* was produced for the benefit of Mlle. Artôt.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The management of the Imperial Italian Opera has concluded an engagement with Madame Adelina Patti for next season. It will extend from the 15th November, 1869 to the 15th March, 1870. For this period she will receive two hundred thousand francs.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Reinecke has received the Saxe-Ernest House Order from the Duke of Meiningen.

HAMBURG.—Herr Wachtel has appeared here in *Les Huguenots*, *Le Brasseur de Preston*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Juive*. As yet he has not sung, on this occasion, in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, but of course he will do so before his engagement is concluded.

SCHWERIN.—A burlesque opera, *Ein grosse Damenkaffe*, has been very successfully produced. The words and music are by Herr Graben-Hoffmann, already favourably known in Germany as the composer of the comical opera, *500,000 Teufel*.

MUSIC AND BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

MEYER & Co.—"My secret," song, by Berthold Tourr.
LONGMANS & Co.—"Sound and Colour, their relations, analogies, and harmonies," by John Denis Macdonald, M.D., F.R.S.
MACMILLAN & Co.—"Counterpoint, Canon, and Fugue," by Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.
"The London," a collection of tales, sketches, and poems.
J. WILLIAMS.—"The Duchess Waltz," by Henry Farmer.
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